

MEMOIRS
OF
FAIRY LAND:

Written above an hundred Years ago.

Now Translated from the

Original LEGENDS
OF

EUTOPIA.

By COLIN CLOUT.

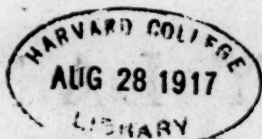
*Poor Colin Clout! Who knows not Colin
Clout?*

Fairy-Queen, Book vi. Cant. 10. Stan. 16.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-
Lane*, 1716.

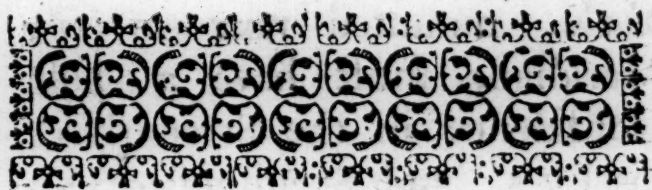
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Printed for J. Roberts in New York
1916



DEDICATION

TO THE

Divine *Belphebe*.



HE that would read
the Beauties of the
Sun, must use a *Me-*
dium, to shelter his
Eyes from too great Brightness.

A 2

E'en

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E'en so the Man, who dares aspire, bare-fac'd, to address *Belphebe*, mounted now in our Meridian, must have a bold Confidence in the Strength of his Eyes, and Steadiness of his Brain : Presumptuous Gazers, may at once be dazled with too much Luster, and grow giddy, by erecting their brazen Countenances in an over-upright Posture : Aspiring to this, they fall flat ; whilst, on the other Hand, transcendent Brightness dozes their Imaginations into Blindness.

Humble *Colin*, his Oaten Pipe lay'd by, contemplates on the Perfections of his *Belphebe* in a Fountain.

Whilst

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Whilst other *Clowns* lye basking themselves in the Beams they cannot look at, he is admiring the heavenly Beauty that warms his Veins, and inspires his *Roundelays*.

Let lofty Swains, whose well-fleec'd Flocks browse on the Pasture round *Parnassus-Hill*, gather from thence the richest Flowers, and plat them into Garlands; fye! 'tis all Meanness, and rural Folly. *Colin*, by reflecting on the fair One's Mind, knows, however, *Belphebe* may be pleas'd with the good Will of such as strive to grace her with fond Epithets; she can't but smile at the Simpleness of the Offer. As those *Clowns* are deser-

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deservedly laugh'd at, who bring
Daffa-down-Dillies as Presents
they fancy fit to adorn the
Breast and Hair of their Princesses.

But *Colin*, thou'rt the *Squire*
of a *Knight* of mighty Prowess;
thou must wend to Court with
thy exalted Master; who rides
the foaming *Pegasus*. Ah me!
what Perils must environ the
Man that bears his Shield?

Do'st know, *Colin*, how ma-
ny Darts, shot from the scorn-
ful Eyes of stately *Dames* and
glittering *Knights*, will prick
thy tender Hide; whilst un-
arm'd, a-foot, in home-spun
Weeds, thou trudgest after the
most lofty *Weight* that ever
breath'd,

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breath'd, to *Courts* and *princely Palaces*?

Take Care, poor *Colin*, and timely be advis'd ; keep close to the Heels of thy exalted *Master* ; whilst he, in lofty Lays, bespeaks the influencing Aspect of *Belphebe*, do thou, with meekest *Lout*, say after him, in following Word for Word :

— O ! Goddess ! Heavenly bright !

Mirroure of Grace, and Majesty divine,

Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose Light,

Like Phæbus Lamp, throughout the World do'st shine ;

Shed thy fair Beams into my feeble Eyne,

And raise my Thoughts, too humble and too vile,

To

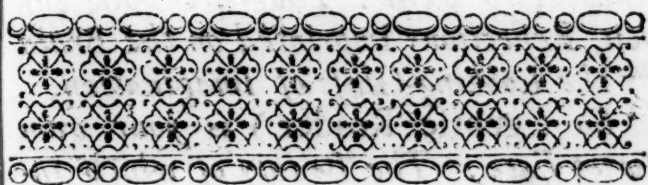
viii DEDICATION.

*To think of that too glorious Type of thine,
The Argument of mine afflicted Stile;
The which to hear, vouchsafe, O dearest Dread,
a while.*

Fairy-Queen, Proceium to the first Book.



PREFACE.



PREFACE.



O jump immediately into Fairy Land, without lighting a Prefatory Candle, might be judg'd something like Hobb's Leap in the Dark,

But I find (Fairy Reader) I must not only light you a Candle, but provide a Ladder too, to mount you up into the Air : Ever since Jacob's Time, the Clouds have wanted a Stair-Case.

When you're up, you need not ask the Question, how you're to come down? Your own Gravity will drop you lightly on some neighbouring Bank.

Perhaps you won't believe Ghosts, or Fairies, or such Sort of imaginary Substances,

stances, to exist : They are only, say you, Reflections imprinted on the Brain by the Looking-Glass of Imagination.

So (gentle Reader) is your own sweet Face : The Beauty of which inciting you to kiss it, you grasp the Mirrour, and find no more than a Shadow.

But Diamond Shirts ! Heydey ! who ever heard of Diamond Shirts before ?

Stay, (curteous Reader) have a little Patience : You have not seen Diamond Shirts, you say ? Did you ever see Glass Spun ? If you did not, go to the Royal Society, and you may have a Web sufficient to make you half a Dozen Shirts, with Cravats and Ruffles into the Bargain, at a reasonable Rate. They'll spin it as fine as Cobweb for you, if you pay them well.

Don't think it strange, therefore, that Fairies, who have found the Knack of making Glass malleable, should issue Diamond Shirts. For want of Flint, they are forc'd to make their Glass

P R E F A C E. xi

Glass of Diamond, which is as ordinary there, as Pebbles amongst us.

You can scarce pass by a Cottage in Fairy Land, but you'll see an old Woman or two sitting at the Door spinning Diamonds. And when the Thread won't run well, she softens the Diamond with her warm Breath, (for the Hags have Fire within) as you would do Cobler's Wax.

Because (good Reader) some Travellers have impos'd strange incredible Things on you for real Truth, don't, I beseech you, be uncharitable. Don't think that I am of that Mold. No, I'll assure you, I have more Honour. And tho' I have sail'd into the Air, and made Discoveries where I need not fear the Contradiction of any Mortal living, you shall have nothing from me but the naked Truth, Puris naturalibus.

Now (critical Reader) knowing the Nature of a Preface, I think myself here oblig'd to give you some Reason for publishing my Travels thro' Fairy-Land.

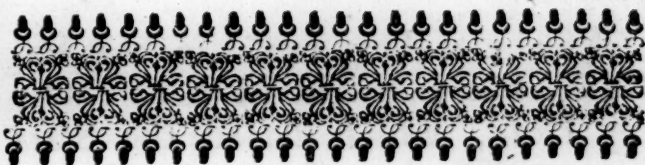
Well

Well then, you must know, that being a poor Clown, as I am, I sometimes find it expedient to transform my self into an old Woman; so, by Nurse-keeping sick People, get a Penny. I know there's nothing recommends a Nurse-keeper more than a good Faculty at telling Stories. Having nurs'd some Persons of Credit, I have a Mind to be advanc'd to Court. No doubt, when Courtiers hear of my Travels, and my ineffable Talent at telling Stories, I shall be retain'd by the State without Scruple; for I have an exceeding healing Hand at making Caudle and Jelly-Broth.

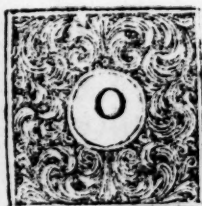
Therefore, (Friendly Reader) if in this Matter you'd give me your good Word, (I may be serviceable to you another Way) you shall command me at any Time: I'll come and sit by you when you're sick of the Vapours, and tell you my Tales gratis.

Farewel.

Intro



Introduction.



ONE Morning, troubled with the *Spleen*, the Toy took me in the Head, to leave my Bed before *Dan Phæbus* had harness'd his Horses.

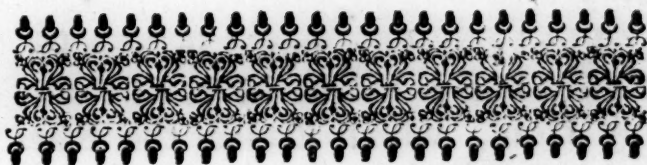
Sauntering about, not knowing what to do with my self, my Face supinely erected, partly in an *Horizontal* Manner, me-thought, amongst so glorious a Number of *Stars*, some might be pitch'd on that should prove more propitious to me than the *Moon-shine*, which I was wont to be taken with ; therefore, without heeding *Sheep* or *Goats*, (let who would tend
 B them

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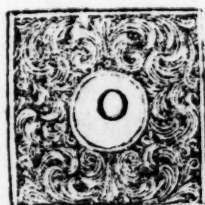
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B
them

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them for me) I resolv'd to turn *Star-Gazer*.

I had not long mus'd in this Posture, but a bright Mist rose over my Head, which shaded the Stars from my Sight: In the Middle of this, something represented it self to my Imagination, like a *Brazen Tower*; and there lay before it a huge *Dragon*, not unlike the *Dragon of Wantley*.

Being apt to be taken with such Fancies, I examin'd this cloudy *Castle*, and this aërial *Dragon*, pretty nicely; but when I thought my self secure from *Goblins*, (Day-Light beginning to appear) what should disturb my *Cogitabund Profundity*, but a *Ghost* on Horseback? Rise, *Colin*, says the *Ghost*, whilst me, with flaming Air, drawn from his Side out of a Sheath of *Phantoms*, he dubs his *Squire*.

This short Salute, struck me, at once, with *Fear* and *Hope*; afraid I was, that's sure, of the *Ghost* and his wing'd *Steed*, that he would mount me away with him in the
Air,

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Air, I knew not whither ; yet, from his calling me Squire, I began to conceive great Hopes, that I might one Day atchieve some mighty Exploit, which should raise me above the Dignity of a *Shepherd's Boy*:

Pleas'd with these Thoughts, tho' a little terrify'd with the *Speetre*, I ventur'd to lift up my Face, which had fallen prostrate, as not able to sustain the Approach of so sudden Honour, 'till the kind *Shade* offer'd his Service to help me out of my Dumps.

When I had, as well as I might, recover'd my disorder'd Senses from so unusual Surprize, I began to think of my *Castle* and *Dragon* that I had left fleeting in the Air : My friendly *Apparition* gave me this following Account of it.

That, says *Immerito*, for so, it seems, he call'd himself, is a *Fairy Castle*, which lodg'd, last Night, on this very Spot of Ground on which you stand. 'Tis a curious Piece of *Architecture*, and the Founda-

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dation it stands on, is wonderful. 'Tis built on one entire Plate of *Crystal*, twelve Mile square. The *Crystal* is *Malleable*, and yet *Diaphanous*, so thin withal, that every Morning, when the *Fiery Team* are loos'd out of *Nephene's* Stable, the very *Neighing* of the *Horses* forces it into the Clouds. And, moreover, the *Crystal* contracts (or rather *attracts*) a viscid Dew, which being allur'd by the Sun-Beams, sticks so close to the Surface of it, that 'tis kept, Castle and all, suspended in the Air, all Day long. At Night it rests; sometimes on the *Sea*, sometimes on the *Land*, and sometimes on the *Tops of Trees*.

Colin. Can't *One* see the *Crystal* in the Day-time, when 'tis over *One's* Head?

Immerito. No. The *Crystal* is so very clear, that you would take it to be Air, 'till you put your Nose to it.

Colin. I dare say several, not knowing any Thing of the Matter, have

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have dows'd their Chopses against these *Fairy-Land Crystals*.

Immerito. Yes, and with such Force, that they have fallen on their Backs : Then the *Fairies* must be blam'd, as if they struck them ; whereas 'twas their own Fault, that they did not feel an *Inch* before them. This is the Fate of those who are said to be *Fairy-struck*.

Colin. This puts me in Mind of a *Beau* in a fine guilt *Chariot*, 'tother Day, passing by his Mistress, forgot his Glass was up, and in over obsequiously bowing to her, sows'd his Head through. Had you seen him, you would have thought he had been in Pillory. But you say your *Fairy-Glasses* won't break.

Immerito. No, or bend either. For all this, they are as thin as *Leaf-Gold*.

Colin. But what is that Dew made of ; or what is the Reason the Sun attracts it ?

Immerito. Inquisitive *Mortal*, who must have a Reason for invisible

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Causes ! Is it not enough that I tell you Matters of Fact, but you must dive into the Secrets of *Fairy Philosophy* ? Yet seeing, *Colin*, I propose to instruct you in these Doctrines, I will satisfy your Curiosity in this Point. Know then that *Merlin*, the famous Operator of the *Fairies*, made this, and a thousand of equal Demension, by dissolving an *Adamantine Rock* in *Jupiter's* Lightning Furnance ; and whilst the *Matter* was in Fusion, so temper'd it with *Æther*, and Feathers clip'd from *Cupid's* Wings, and a *Chymical Salt* extracted from the *Rainbow*, that it constantly draws from the *North Star* all the loose Dust of Loadstone that is about it ; and this Dust is so subtile, that it is lifted up by the Morning Dew ; and the Glass is so light, that it follows it. Do you apprehend the Reason now ?

Colin. Not perfectly ; but I won't, however, detain you from farther Discoveries. Pray what is that great Dra-

gon

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gon which lies on the Crystal near the gilded Tower?

Immerito. Occular Demonstration is best: Since I find your Genius edg'd, I'll lead you to *Fairy-Land*, where you'll see Variety of pleasing Objects to entertain your Fancy, finding you delight in those Amusements. But first let me lead you to *Arthegal's Court*, which lies to the West; thither, at present, do all the *Fairies* resort to seek for Justice. Come, give me your Hand; this flying Horse, which is call'd *Pegasus*, will soon waft us thither.

Colin. This Flying, I fear, will make me giddy; yet I have so great an Itch to see these *Fairy Courts*, that I dare venture my self even in the Air. Flying is a pleasant Motion. Have the *Fairies* Wings? or do they fly thus on Horseback?

Immerito. *Fairies* are a middle State betwixt *Mortal* and *Immortal* Beings. All *Fairies* are either begot by Heroick Mortals, that are courageous

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geous enough to ravish Goddesses; or the Gods descend, and vouchsafe to accompany some noble Ladies, whose Beauty is extraordinary enough to entice the divine Spirits from their heavenly Mansions, to accompany them on Earth. Their *Of-spring*, when they are grown up, are remov'd to the *Temples* of some of the Gods, to be educated in all heroick Feats of *Chivalry*: Some Changling Breed, begot by the Dwarf *Fairies*, on *Monkeys*, *Swine*, *Dogs*, *Foxes*, and other Bruits, are left on Earth, to amuse Mortals, and keep the World from being dispeopled. The noble *Fairies* therefore, sometimes ride with the *Gods* in their Chariots; at other Times, the *Gods* take their darling *Fairies* in their Arms, and fly with them; but Wings, or Means to fly of themselves, they have none.

Colin. Are all *Fairies* Heroes?

Immerito. All, except the *Dwarfs* and *Giants*.

Colin.

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Colin. What are the *Dwarfs*?

Immerito. The *Dwarfs* are a servile Crew of *Faires*, whom the *Fairy Ladies* and *Knights* keep for their Attendants: Those of them that are naughty, and out of Place, cluster together in Bundles, and dance in Circles on Moon-shine Nights, and fright Shepherds Children from driving Home the Sheep, whilst, for Haste, they drop their Bread and Butter in the Way, and leave their Satchels behind them, not daring to look back, for Fear the *Fairies* should pinch them.

Colin. Some of our *Lads* shew'd me their Arms pinch'd black and blue by *Fairies*. But the *Giants*, what are they?

Immerito. The *Giants* are begot by the *Titanes*, or some of their *Host*, who, in their War with the *Gods*, being defeated, fell from Heaven with their whole Army. Ever since, the *Titanes* make it their Practice to ravish all poor mortal *Women*, who ramble alone so far in the Woods,
that

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that they loose themselves, and can't find the Way out. Thus they beget Giants ; who, from their Fathers, retain part of the Immortality of *Titans* Race.

Colin. I have heard of the *Titans* ; they were once in Possession of *Jupiter's* Kingdom, 'till *Jupiter* came of Age, and defeated them, and releas'd his Father, whom the *Titans* kept, with others of the Gods, close Prisoners.

Immerito. You are right. *Titan* was the Son of *Cœlus* and *Vesta* ; but both his Father and Mother thought him not fit to govern the Heavens, being of too arrogant a Disposition ; therefore they destin'd his younger Brother *Saturn*, fittest to rule the Gods. *Titan* angry, assum'd the Heavens, 'till *Jupiter* (*Saturn's* Son) prov'd too many for him, and outed him and his Posterity ever since.

Colin. But *Titan* had the Right on his Side by Birth.

Immerito.

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Immerito. We are not to call the Justice of the *Gods* in Question. All the *Gods* in Council decreed the Right in *Jupiter*, and plac'd him as King over them. And now the Kingdom of the *Heavens* is so firmly establish'd, that 'tis decreed immoveable. Even *Sol*, *Titan's* Son, is aiding to this Decree. *Astrea*, and all her Fellows in the *Zodiack*, concur to keep the Crown on *Jupiter's* Head. *Mars* sides with *Jupiter*. So does *Neptune*, his Brother. *Mercury*, who seem'd most to favour the *Titans*, is now become his Messenger, and brings him the News. *Venus* favours the King of *Gods*, in Right of her Son *Eneas*, (the first Founder of the *Roman Empire*) whom *Jupiter* rescu'd from the Fury of haughty *Juno*.

Colin. 'Tis a Wonder *Jupiter* should be against his Wife?

Immerito. *Jupiter* winks at her imperious Follies, to keep Peace in Heaven; she, with her domineering temper, has caus'd great Brangles and Uneasiness amongst the *Gods*.

'Twas

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'Twas she that set up *Lucifera* with a Triple *Crown*, and a Golden *Cross* in her Hand, instead of a *Scepter* ; and would Needs have brought her to Heaven, and á plac'd her on the Throne, in the middle Place, betwixt her and *Jupiter*. Prudent *Jupiter*, with a majestick Smile, clap'd a Pair of *Asses* Ears on *Lucifera's* Head ; knowing, in Time, the rest of the Gods, laughing at the ridiculous Monster, would make *Juno* asham'd of *Lucifera's* arrogant Presumption.

Colin. What does *Saturn* all this While ? Does he consent his Son *Jupiter* should rule the Heavens ?

Immerito. Yes ; *Saturn* contented himself with the Empire of *Latium*, where he lies hid from Danger, and moves slowly in his own large *Sphere* among the rest of the Gods.

Colin. And *Vulcan*, what does he ?

Immerito. Lame and decrepit *Vulcan*, in his fiery Region, tho' he loves *Titan*, is a Tool of *Jupiter's*, and serves

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serves to melt down his Metal, and supply him with Gold and Silver *Thunder-bolts*, which *Mercury* helps to transfer to *Jupiter*.

Colin. But *Apollo*?

Immerito. *Apollo*, *Jupiter*'s beloved Son, props his Father in the Throne; and, with his divine Skill in healing Medicine, renders him invulnerable by his Enemies, and amiable in the Sight of the Gods: His Arrows strike thro' the Spleen of the *Titanes*, if they chance to look up with an aspiring Look, towards the Throne; and his Musick inspires Courage in the heavenly Army.

Colin. *Apollo* has a Twin Sister, call'd *Diana*.

Immerito. Yes; *Diana* is Heiress and Darling to the Crown; and if any dare think of pulling her Father *Jupiter* by the Beard, an Arrow from her Bow, as swift as Lightning, runs through their Liver: Then her warlike *Nymphs*, by their *Artillery*, transform the Wretches into *Brutes*, *Trees*, *Stones*, *Fountains*, &c. and

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not being depriv'd of Thought, they run mad thro' Despair of ever regaining the Form of Men.

Colin. Have the *Titanes* no Kingdom ?

Immerito. No ; they set up a pretended *King*, whom they call *King Titan* : God knows whether he be any Relation to the old *Titan* ; who, weary of Brangles, has, some Time ago, retir'd to *Pluto's* Territories, whilst his People are left to make the best of a bad Market. You'd laugh to see how he and *Proserpina* sit hatching by a smoaky Fire-side, diverting themselves with old Stories, about the Owl *Ascalaphus*. The Room they sit in, stinks of Brimstone (which old *Proserpina* smoaks for her Cough) enough to poison a Cat ; and 'tis so nasty, (I warrant you it has not been swept these several Years) and smells so of poison'd Excrement, you would not put your Dog into it.

Colin.

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Colin. Well, *Immerito*, you can't imagine how I'm transported with this *Flight*. I shall never endure to lie groveling on the *Earth* with lazy *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses*, since I have been thus elevated above them in the *Air*. Where are we now? Are we yet in Sight of *Arthegal's* Dominion? I dare not look down towards the *Earth*, for Fear of falling.

Immerito. Stick close to me, and keep a firm Hold of the Saddle, for we are now soaring over the *Western Ocean*; over which, *Arthegal's* Empire is at present extended. We shall soon be there, and gain firm Footing. Are you not sick with the *flying Motion*?

Colin. A little *giddy*, not being us'd to ride *flying Horses*; I don't matter that. Your diverting Relation has so taken up my Imagination, that I have not had Time to consider the Perils that involve me in *flying* thus high above *mortal Pitch*; nor the *Giddiness* of my Brain, whilst I

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am carry'd out of my *own Element*. But methinks this *Giddiness* is not like *Sea-Sickness*, for that nauseates the Stomach, and loaths the Senses with unsavory Fumes; but *Flying*, I find, tickles the *Brain* into a Dizziness, and has something of an amazing Rapture in it, not unlike, I fancy, the Bite of the *Tarantula*.

Immerito. That always happens to Novices, on their first *Flights*, as nauseating and vomiting to Fresh-Water *Sailers*, who can't bear to be launch'd out into the *Deep*, beyond the Sight of a *Harbour*. But see, we have gain'd our *Coast*; we are ready to light on the Verge of *Arthegal's* fleeting *Empire*.

Colin. I find a Fragrancy at once strikes all my Senses: My Eyes are entertain'd with the most agreeable Prospects that ever were presented to mortal Sight: Surely these are the *Elysian Fields*. Such Verdure, embroider'd with the choicest *Colours* of the most odoriferous *Flowers*, is
beyond

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beyond Express, or any Thing I could fancy before.

Immerito. Take Care, here, that your Eyes do not suck in too greedily the delicious *Spirits* of these transporting Objects. Unwary Mortals are apt so to feast themselves, at first Sight, with these *Ætherial* Entertainments, that they grow *drunk*, and surfeit of them.

Colin. I thank you for your Caution: I began to find my Spirits on the Flutter; but I will check my *Extasy*. So! now, good *Immerito*, since *Pegasus* makes use of his Feet, and has lower'd the Top-sail of his extended Wings, I beg Leave to alight. I long as much to tread on a Stable Foundation, as a *Sea-sick* Passenger to get to *Shoar*.

Immerito. I'll put you in the Path that leads to *Arthegal's Castle*, and then you may *walk*, if that Exercise pleases you better than *Riding*. But one Caution I must give you, — That you ramble not out of the Road; for these Woods, which you see on

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the *Right* and *Left*, are enchanted : If you should once pursue your Curiosity so as to enter them, 'tis ten to one whether you'll be able to find your Way out, or I find you to direct you. There are so many Intricacies and Windings, that you'll soon be involv'd in a *Labyrinth*.

Colin. 'Tis well you caution'd me ; for the great Desire I had to *walk*, was chiefly to view the Beauty of those *Thickets*. At this Distance, they, together with the charming *Fields* and *Valleys* that lie at each Side of them, make a wonderful fine *Landskip*. If any Painter had Ingenuity enough to represent exactly the Appearance I have of them, 'twould far excel all *Pictures*. How exquisitely the *Colours* are mix'd ! What would *Alexander* the Great have given *Apelles* for such a Master-piece.

Immerito. I find the Air of these enchanted *Groves*, rarifies your *Spirits* very fast. Without the *Refrigerant* of a cool Fancy, they'll disorder
the

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the Head, into which the *Spirits* rise, by Heat to be distill'd into their proper *Recipients*. Here's the *Path*. Here you may *alight*. I'll ride softly before you, and shew you the Way you must tread; otherwise, this being no beaten Road, and overgrown with Grass, you may miss your Way.

Colin. I am glad to find my *Feet* again, and firm Footing under them. This a *Path*, say you? For my part, I can't descry the *Steps* of any Persons that have ever trod here.. Why! the Grass is not so much as press'd.

Immerito. *Fairies* tread lightly, and skip nimbly over the yielding *Herbage*; which rises again with an *Elastick* Spring, as they pass from it.

Colin. But how are all these *Greens*, these *Woods*, and stately *Forests*, hid from mortal Eyes? From the Earth, we discern nothing but *Ethereal* Brightness. I should think, if these *Fairy-Land Crystals* were transparent, these green Objects would

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would be perceiv'd thro' them from below.

Immerito. You're no *Fairy Philosopher* yet, I perceive. Don't you know that the *Rainbow* is not seen at all Places at the same Time? And when it is seen at different Places, the same Colour that appears *green* to you, may be *blue*, or *red*, or *yellow*, to one at a Mile Distance from you? But no Body can see the *Rainbow*, when the *Sun* is just over their Head. When you look at the *Rainbow*, the *Sun's* always behind your Back; therefore, if you could persuade *Phœbus* to drive the *Sun* just under you when you're looking upwards, you might see from *below*, all the *Colours* that here you observe.

Colin. Suppose one lighted a Candle?

Immerito. There you nick it: A large Candle, (which must at least be large enough to illuminate a Space *ten Mile* round you) plac'd very low, whilst you from the
Top

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Top of a high Tower, (at least a Mile high) look upwards, all these *Geens*, interlarded with various *colour'd Flowers*, would appear as plain as a *Pike-Staff*.

And *Colin*. I wonder none of our *Viragos* have ever attempted the *Experiment*. Such a *Raree-Sherw* would give the Author exceeding Reputation amongst the curious Enquirers into the *Phanomena's* of Nature, and be a fit Subject to be communicated to the *Royal Society*.

Immerito. Psha! these are but Trifles. Before you and I part, I'll discover to you such Secrets of *Fairy-Nature*, as will justly make you admir'd by all sublunary *Star-gazers*, provided you can wash off the fuliginous *Callous* that grows on their *Brain*.

it : *Colin*. How's that to be done?

at *Immerito*. Inject some *Spirit* of *Moon-sbine* (you'll meet with enough in *Fairy-Land*) into their *Nostrils*. This will make them *snort* and *sneeze*, and *foam* at the *Mouth*, and purge their

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their Intellects, so that your *Demonstrations* and *Experiments* will be intelligible to them.

Colin. I shall be a Great Man amongst them, I find by my Hands. But how if they should prove obstinate, and refuse to let me come at their Brains to wash them; or if, after my Attempt, I should find no Brains to wash? What must I do then, good Master *Immerito*?

Immerito. Truly, *Colin*, you have started a puzzling Question. I think, in such difficult *Energies*, the best Way will be to wash your Hands of them.

Colon. That may be: But methinks I have an itching Mind to be a *Virtuoso*: And, *Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*, is what I learn'd before I was put to tend *Sheep*.

Immerito. I have but one Expedient, *Colin*, to be us'd in such Extremities.

Colin. What is that?

Immerito et

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Immerito. Turn the *Buckle* of your *Girdle* behind you.

Colin. What will that signify?

Immerito. A great deal; there's a secret *Magick* in it.

Colin. How so?

Immerito. 'Twill draw *Swarms* of inquisitive *Mortals* about you, to ask you why you do so.

Colin. And what then?

Immerito. Be sure you keep *aloof*, and give them no Reason for your Actions, 'till they consent to have their Brains wash'd; which they'll rather do, than loose so good a *Rubbing-Post* to scratch the *Itch* of their Curiosity against.

Colin. And when their Brains are wash'd?

Immerito. Then go you to work *Pel-Mel*, to ram into their *Skulls* your *Fairy-Philosophy*, mix'd up with a sufficient Quantity of pounded *Charcoal*, *Nitre*, and *Sulphur*. This set *a-fire* by the *Match* of a warm Imagination, will carry them like *Rockets* into the Air, Helter-skelter.

Colin.

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Colin. And then, before they come down again, they'll receive Ocular Demonstration. But methinks we are coming too near the *Woods* you caution'd me against.

Immerito. Certes, you're in the Right; I was so intent on my Discourse, that *Pegasus* had like to have led us both out of the Way. Here follow me, the true Road lies a little more to the Right.

Colin. Is this real *Grass* we tread on? Methinks I walk as if I were going on *Feathers*, or *Wool-Packs*.

Immerito. The beautiful Prospects you see, are all *Paint*, laid by *Apollo* on a Surface of *prim'd Air*. The Pores of the *Air* are so modulated that each reflects his Ray of *Light* in a proper Angle.

Colin. How I was deceiv'd! I thought it had been real *Colour*.

Immerito. There is no such Thing in Nature, as real *Colour*. Every Substance appears colour'd, upon no other Account, than that it shades, or reflects, the Rays of *Light* nearer to

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to you, or farther from you. If a Body reflects the *Light* directly in your Face, 'tis call'd *white*, or *light-colour'd*; if it reflects the *Light* in wide Angles, which throw its Rays at a Distance on each Side of you, 'tis call'd *dark*. The intermediate Colours, are a Mixture of these two; some Rays of Light darting in your Face, whilst others, from the same Particles of Matter, fly from you.

Colin. How did *Apollo* mix his Colours?

Immerito. Having chose the most curious Colours he could pick out of the *Rainbow*, he temper'd and mix'd them on a *Palate* of *Sky-Dew*, which by *Pencils* brought from the *Zodiack*, cut from the *Ram's Tail*, he dispos'd into this beautiful Order.

Colin. I should have swore this had been real *Grass*, those perfect *Flowers*, and yonder a substantial *Wood*. For Satisfaction, let *Pegasus* have his Reins, and see whether he won't feed on this *Grass*.

D

Im-

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Immerito. Oh! this is *Pegasus's* natural Food: He is a Foal of the *Chameleon* Kind, which live altogether on Air.

Colin. I hope you don't design to make me live on such thin Diet in these Regions.

Immerito. You shall have such Food as the *Fairies* live on; their Diet is an *Ambrosial Dew*, like *Honey*, gather'd from the *Aromatick Flowers*, which surround us by winged *Spirits*, not unlike *Bees*. And you shall drink with the *Fairies*, pure *Nectar* squeez'd from the Fruit that grows on yonder Trees.

But see, we approach * *Arthegal's* Palace: I see † *Talus*, *Arthegal's* Footman, coming towards us. *Talus.*

* *Arthegal* in Justice was up-brought, —
And all the Depth of rightful Doom was taught,
By fair *Astrea*, with great Industry
Whilst here on Earth she lived mortally.

Book V. Cant. I. Stan. V.

† *Astrea* loathing longer here to space,
Return'd to Heaven ———
But when she parted hence, she left her Groom —
And willed him with *Arthegal* to tread ———
His Name was *Talus*, made of Iron-Mould, ———
Who in his Hand an Iron-Flail did hold,
With which he thresh'd out Falshood, and did
Truth unfold.

Fairy-Queen, Book V. Cant. I. Stan. XI, XII.

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Talus. You're welcome, honest *Immerito*; what *Mortal* is this who has ventur'd such a Flight along with you?

Immerito. This is *Colin*, an humble Swain, whom I found gazing on *Fairy-Land*, therefore offer'd him my Service to mount him; and finding in him a soaring Genius, have chose him for my *Squire*, and purpose to have him instructed in the Knowledge of the *Fairies*. We have first directed our Steps hither, knowing that the Wisdom to be learn'd in *Arthegal's Hall*, is a principal Foundation for all other Doctrines of *Fairies* to be built on. This I know will be an Accomplishment to render my *Pupil* a good Reception in all the other *Fairy Courts* we are to visit.

Talus. Here all such Guests are welcome. Your Entertainment will be the more extraordinary at this Time, for that * *Dueffa* (a famous

D 2 Criminal)

* Great Mistress of her Art, was that false Dame, The false *Dueffa*, cloaked with *Fidissa's* Name.
Fairy Queen, Book I. Cant. VII. Stan. 5.

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Criminal) is brought hither. *Duessa* † has been try'd on several Indictments in § *Mercilla's* Court ; but *Mercilla*, not willing to adjudge one of her one Sex to capital Punishment, has suffer'd her to appeal to *Arthegal*, before whom her Cause is to be heard over again ; at which Tryal, *Mercilla* will be in Person. Here is also the most renown'd Knight, * *St. George*, of the sacred Order of the *Red-Cross* and *Garter*, together with his espous'd Lady, the Divine † *Una*,
Sir

† False *Duessa*, ———

For vile Treasons and outrageous Shame;
Which she against the dread *Mercilla* oft did frame.

Ib. Book V. Cant. IX. Stan. XL.

§ Her Name *Mercilla*, most Men use to call,
That is a Maiden-Queen of high Renown.

Book V. Cant. VIII. Stan. XVII.

* * ——— Thou *St. George* shall called be
St. George of merry *England*, the Sign of Victory.

Fairy Queen, Book I. Cant. X. Stan. LXI.

† Forth came that ancient Lord (*the King of Eden*)
and aged Queen,

Array'd in antique Robes down to the Ground, —
A noble Crew about them waited round,
Of sage and sober Peers, all gravely Gown'd ; —
Then forth he called that his Daughter fair,
The fairest *Una*, his only Daughter dear,
His only Daughter, and his only Heir.

Book I. Cant. XII. Stan. V, XXI.

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Sir † *Calidore*, and several stranger
Knights, are lately come to Court,
 some accidentally, and others to be
 Evidences *for* and *against* *Duessa*.
 But let us haste in; your Friend may
 require a little Refreshment after his
high Flight.

Colin. Methinks I could feast my
 Eyes on this charming *Painting*, which
 I see on each Hand of me. This *Gal-*
lery is exceeding beautiful; it seems
 to be *History-Painting*, and, I suppose,
 has some Meaning more than my
 weak Judgment can read. The *Lux-*
emburgh-Gallery, done by *Rubens*, is
 very ordinary Daubing, to this sort of
 Paint. I shall be very inquisitive;
 therefore, *Immerito*, I hope your
 Friend *Talus* won't take it amiss, if
 I ask a great many impertinent *Questi-*
ons. D 3 *Imme-*

† Of Court, it seems, Men Courtesey do call,
 For that it there most useth to abound. —
 Amongst them all, was none more courteous Knight
 than *Calidore*; belov'd over all:

In whom, it seems, that Gentleness of Spright,
 And Manners mild, were planted natural;
 To which, he adding comely Guize withal,
 And gracious Speech, did steal Mens Hearts away.

Book VI. Cant. I. Stan. I, II.

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Immerito. No, *Colin*; *Talus* is a Squire of gentle Mould, tho' his *Iron Sides* would bespeak him rude and rustick. But, *Talus*, if you'll provide a small Repast, I'll in the mean Time divert *Colin* in this *Gallery*, with the *History* of this *Painting*.

Talus. I'll order *Breakfast* to be got ready. We *Fairies* feed not on so gross *Diet* as you're us'd to on *Earth*.

Colin. These *Figures* seem proportionable to our *Men* and *Women*; yet methinks I see great Majesty in their Countenances: They are fashionably dress'd. I thought *Fairies* should not be pictur'd with *full-bottom'd Wigs*, and *Feathers* in their *Hats*.

Immerito. At *Court* they're usually thus apparell'd, Every *hundred Years* this *Gallery* is new painted, as is also the *Hall*, and a great Number of *stately Apartments*, which you may see before we part hence. It is not much more than a Year since this whole *Palace* was beautify'd, and new modell'd, by no meaner a Hand than *Apollo*. The obsolete old Dress of the
Fairy-

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Fairy-Knights and *Ladies*, has been obliterated, and this more polite Manner substituted. The *Knights* formerly were all painted *Caprice*, in Armour; now you see them *à la mode à Paris*, with their Breasts open, and their white *Shirts*, and fine *Skin*, display'd to View. The *Fairies* in this Age, have invented a light sort of *Armour*, far excelling *Steel*.

Colin. I see no *Armour* on these Pictures.

Immerito. There's your Mistake; their *Shirts*, which you see in the Paint, excel in Whiteness any Thing you have seen, are all made of spun *Diamonds*. The old *Women* that spun these *Shirts*, were brought by * *Sir Guyon* from Hell, when he went down thither to see *Mammon's Delve*. The *Hags*, have been us'd there to spin
Char-

* At length they came into a larger Space, —
That straight did lead to *Pluto's* grizly Reign —
So soon as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the Door
To him did open, and afforded Way :
Him follow'd eke *Sir Guyon* evermore,
Ne Darknes him, ne Danger might dismay.

Book II, Cant. VII, Stan. XXI, XXVI.

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Charcoal, therefore they spin *Diamonds* with more Ease, to great Perfection. The Thread of this *Diamond-Linnen*, is in Nature something like the Thread of the *Abestine-Cloth*, but much finer; in Whiteness and Fineness exceeding Lawn, Cambrick, or any of our Linen-Drapers Ware. This *Diamond-Cloth* yields and bends to the Body every Way; yet when it is on, it is Pistol-proof, and no Sword can pierce it, except it be a *Diamond-Sword*, such a one as *Arthegal* wears; an Account of which you shall have when you have seen it.

Colin. This is very strange: But how do they wash these Shirts?

Immerito. Their *Gentlemen* have no more to do, but throw their Master's *Shirt* into the Fire, where it flames up like Paper, but not a Scrap of it is consum'd: When it is taken out, it is as clean as if twenty *Washer-Women* had rubb'd their Fingers to the Stumps in cleansing it. This Method of washing Linnen by Fire, is of great Use to the *Fairy-Heroes*, who,

on

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on this Account, need not be at the Trouble of carrying much Linnen about with them; for one *Diamond-Shirt* will last a *Fairy* a thousand Years, and longer too, if he's not weary of it in that Time. Besides, *Fairies*, in their adventurous Travels, cannot always meet with *Laundresses*, and 'twould be troublesome to carry them about with 'em.

Colin. I am ravish'd with this Picture; there is great *Spirit* and *Life* in the Countenance; the very *Image* strikes Awe into me; such Fire in the *Eyes*, mix'd with Majesty, all Parts so proportion'd, that I'm enamour'd with it.

Immerito. That is a young *Knight*, the Son of *Arthegal*, the renown'd *St. George*; do you observe the Star on his Breast, and the blue Garter over his Shoulder? to which is suspended his *Grand-father's* Picture, the immortal *St. George*.

Colin. I observ'd that *Star*; 'tis very large; it seems to represent a round hollow Looking-Glass; I fancy I might

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might see my Face in it, if I could look at it without winking.

Immerito. That *Star* is a concave *Mirroure*, made of one entire *Diamond*. Its Surface is a Foot Diameter. 'Tis so artfully made and polish'd by the *Fairy* * *Merlin*, that it reflects the Rays of the *Sun*, and makes a consuming *Focus* just two Swords Length from it: That is, as near as I can guess, about seven or eight Foot. If any Object happen within the *Focus* of that *Diamond*, when the Sun shines bright, as sure as a *Gun*, it is turn'd into *Glass*; whether it be a *Man*, a *Tree*, a *Stone*, or a *Brick*, 'tis all one, into *Glass* it must go. *Merlin* made the Experiment before the *Royal Society*, and had their Approbation.

Colin.

* The Great Magician, *Merlin*, had devis'd,
By his deep Science, and Hell-dreaded Might,
A Looking-Glass right wond'rously agniz'd,
Whose Virtues through the wide World soon were
solemniz'd.

Book III. Cant. II. Stan. XVIII.

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Colin. 'Tis dangerous fighting with him at Sharps.

Immerito. Dangerous ! aye ; 'tis excessive Madness for any to draw a Sword against him. For, besides the Peril of being consum'd by the *Diamond Mirrour*, the Blade of his *Sword*, which was given him by his Father *Arthegal*, is of a *Metal* dissolv'd in a *Lightning Furnace*, so temper'd with *Load-stone* and *Diamond*, that any Steel Blade that comes near it, is attracted, and sticks to the *Adamantine Blade* with such Power, that the Strength of an hundred Men cannot separate it.

Colin. A Man fighting with him, would be in a fine Scrape ; for he must either quit his Sword, or stay to be burnt by the *Mirrour*. But what graceful young *Knight* is this ? The obliging Aspect which I perceive in the Paint, makes me enamour'd with the Original, before I see him : He must certainly be a very engaging Person.

Immerito.

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Immerito. That is Sir *Calidore*.
This Instant I hear young * *Tristram*,
his Squire, humming some Part of a
Sonnet that was made on Sir *Calidore's*
subduing the *Blatant Beast*.
He is in next Room, I'll call him:
I dare say he'll oblige us with the
Song. —

Tristram. Sir, your Servant
you're welcome to *Fairy-Land*.

Colin. I thank you ; I'm but a
plain Youth, nor us'd to Courtly Ce-
remonies, therefore I hope you won't
judge of my honest Sincerity accord-
ing to my blunt Manners. My good
Master Immerito, tells me you sing
well ; and I should be much oblig'd
to you, if you'd favour us with the
Song of Sir *Calidore*, and the *Blatant*
Beast.

* Then wote ye, that I am a Briton born,
Son of a King. However, thorough Fate
Or Fortune, I my Country have forlorn,
And lost the Crown which shou'd my Head,
Right, adorn :
And *Tristram* is my Name, the only Heir
Of good King *Meliogras*, which did reign
In Cornwall, 'till he, thro' Life's Despair,
Untimely dy'd, before I did attain
Ripe Years of Reason, my Right to maintain.

Book VI. Cant. II. Stan. 27,

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† *Beast*, which you were singing just now in the other Room.

Tristram. Any Thing I can oblige you in. I was alone, and exercis'd my Voice on that Song, which most affects me, of all the Songs I ever learn'd. Some Verses of it at the Beginning, I can't call to Mind now; but as much as I can remember of it, I will perform. Give me Leave to bring my *Lute*, which is hard by: The Voice sounds much sweeter, when guided by the Help of an *Instrument*.

E

Colin.

† For that same *Beast* was bred of Hellish Strain,
And long in darksome Stygian Den up-brought:
Begot of foul *Echidna*, as in Books is taught.

Echidna is a Monster: ———

—— Her Face and former Parts profess
A fair young Maiden; ———
But all her hinder Parts did plain express
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearful Ugliness.
To her, the Gods appointed, have her Place: —
'Mongst Rocks and Caves in sad Obscurity,
There did *Typhaon*, with her Company. ———
Of that Commixion, they did then beget
This Hellish Dog that hight the *Blatant Beast*.

Book VI. Cant. VI. Stan. 10, 11, 12.

I INTRODUCTION.

Colin. What horrible ugly Figure is this, with an *Iron Chain* and *Muzzle* about its Chops?

Immerito. That is the *Blatant Beast* which *Sir Calidore* subdu'd ; and you see *Sir Calidore* is leading him like a *Dog*, by that *Chain*.

Colin. A terrible Monster ! Its Description agrees with that which History recounts of *Sphinx*, the Monster which *Oedipus* overcame by expounding its Riddle.

Immerito. But this *Blatant Beast* is not so easily overcome. Altho' *Sir Calidore* once subdu'd him, yet he has broke his Chain ; and now he's loose, does as much Mischief as ever. Here comes *Tristram* with his *Lute* ; we shall have the Song.

S O N G.

I.

Now leaving other Matters, let us tell
Of *Calidore* ; who seeking all this While,
That monstrous *Beast*, by final Force to quell,
Thro' every Place with restless Pain and Toil,
Him follow'd by the Track of his outrageous Spoil.

II.

Through all Estates, he found that he had past,
In which he many Massacres had left,

And

INTRODUCTION. II

And to the *Clergy* now he's come at last ;
In which such Spoil, such Havock, and such
Theft

He wrought, that thence all Goodness he bereft,
That endless were to tell. The *Elfin Knight*,
Who now no Place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with Main and
Might.

III.

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Thro' which the Monks he chased here and there,
And them pursu'd into their Dortours sad,
And searched all their Cells and Secrets near ;
In which, what Filth and Ordure did appear,
Were irksom to report : Yet that foul Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tofs and tear,
And ransack all their Dens, from most to least,
Regarding nought Religion, nor their holy Heast.

IV.

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robb'd the Chancel, and the Desks down threw,
And Altars fouled, and Blasphemy spoke ;
And th' Images, for all their goodly Hue,
Did cast to Ground, whilst none was them to rue ;
So all confounded and disorder'd there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal Hand by former Fear ;
But he him fast pursuing, soon approached near.

V.

Him in a narrow Place he overtook,
And fierce assailing, forc'd him turn again :
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strook
With his sharp Steel, and ran at him amain.
With open Mouth, that seemed to contain
A full good Peck within the utmost Brim,

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All set with Iron Teeth in Rainges twain,
That terrify'd his Foes and armed him,
Appearing like the Mouth of *Orcus*, griesly grim.

VI.

And therein were a thousand Tongues empight,
Of sundry Kinds, and sundry Quality;
Some were of Dogs, that barked Day and Night;
And some of Cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of Bears, that groyn'd continually;
And some of Tygers, that did seem to gren,
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were Tongues of mortal Men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor
when.

VII.

And them amongst, were mingled here and there
The Tongues of Serpents, with three-forked Stings,
That spat out Poison and gore bloody Gere
At all that came within his Ravenings;
And spake licentious Words, and hateful Things,
Of good and bad alike, of low and high;
Ne Cefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with Infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful Teeth of Injury.

VIII.

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Rencounter'd him with so impetuous Might,
That th' Outrage of his Violence he staid,
And bet aback, threat'ning in vain to bite,
And spetting forth the Poison of his Spight,
That foamed all about his bloody Jaws.
Tho', rearing up his former Feet on high,
He ramp't upon him with his ravenous Paws,
As if he would have rent him with his cruel Claws.

IX.

But he, right well aware his Rage to ward,
Did cast his Shield atween; and there withal,
Putting his Puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That

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That Backward he enforced him to fall :
 And being down, e'er he new Help could call,
 His Shield he on him threw, and fast down held;
 Like as a Bullock, that in bloody Stall
 Of Butcher's baleful Hand to Ground is fell'd,
 Is forcibly kept down, 'till he be throughly quell'd.

X.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and roar;
 To be down held, and master'd so with Might,
 That he 'gan fret and foam out bloody Gore,
 Striving in vain to rear himself up-right.
 For, still the more he strove, the more the Knight
 Did him suppress, and forcibly subdue;
 That made him almost mad for fell Despight.
 He grin'd, he bit, he scratch'd, he Venom threw,
 And fared like a Fiend, right horrible in Hue.

XI.

Or like the Hell-born *Hydra*, which they feign
 That great *Alcides* whylome overthrew,
 After that he had labour'd long in vain,
 To crop his thousand Heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater Number grew.
 Such was the Fury of this hellish Beast,
 Whilst *Calidore* him under him down threw;
 Who nathemore his heavy Load releas'd:
 But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his Power in-
 creas'd.

XII.

Tho', when the Beast saw he mote nought avail
 By Force, he 'gan his hundred Tongues apply,
 And sharply at him to revile and rail,
 With bitter Terms of shameful Infamy;
 Oft interlacing many a forged Lie,
 Whose like he never once did speak, nor hear,
 Nor ever thought Thing so unworthily:
 Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
 But strained him so straightly, that he choak'd
 him near.

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XIII.

At last, when as he found his Force to shrink,
And rage to quail, he took a Muzzel strong
Of surest Iron, made with many a Link ;
There-with he mured up his Mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous Tongue,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing Wrong :
And there-unto a great long Chain he tight,
With which he drew him forth, ev'n in his own
Despight.

XIV.

Like as whylome, that strong *Tyrinthian* Swain,
Brought forth with him the dreadful Dog of Hell,
Against his Will fast bound in Iron Chain ;
And roaring horribly, did him compel
To see the hateful Sun, that he might tell
To grieved *Pluto*, what on Earth was done,
And to the other damned Ghosts, which dwell
For aye in Darkness, which Day-light dorth shun :
So led this Knight his Captive, with like Conquest
won.

XV.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange Bands, whose Like 'till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst, 'till then, impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him, Liberty was left aloud to roar :
Yet durst he not draw back, nor once withstand
The proved Power of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled underneath his mighty Hand,
And like a fearful Dog, him follow'd thro' the Land.

XVI.

Him thro' all Fairy-Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had Obedience long,
That all the People where-so he did go,
Out of their Towns did round about him throng,
To see him lead that Beast in Bondage strong ;
And

INTRODUCTION. IV

And seeing it, much wonder'd at the Sight :
 And all such Persons, as he earst did wrong,
 Rejoyced much to see his captive Plight,
 And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the
 Knight.

XVII.

Thus was this Monster, by the maist'ring Might
 Of doughty *Calidore*, suppress'd and tam'd,
 That never more he mote endamage Wight
 With his vile Tongue, which many had defam'd,
 And many causeless caused to be blam'd :
 So did he eke long after this remain,
 Until that (whether wicked Fate so fram'd,
 Or fault of Men) he broke his Iron Chain,
 And got into the World at Liberty again.

XVIII.

Thence-forth, more Mischief and more Schatthe he
 wrought
 To mortal Men, than he had done before ;
 Ne ever could by any more be brought
 Into like Bands, ne maister'd any more :
 Albe that long Time after *Calidore*,
 The good Sir *Pelleas* him took in Hand ;
 And after him, Sir *Lamorake* of Yore,
 And all his Brethren born in *Britain* Land ;
 Yet none of them could ever bring him into Band.

XIX.

So now he raungeth thro' the World again,
 And rageth fore in each Degree and State ;
 Ne any is, that may him now restrain,
 He groen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking, and biting all that him do bate,
 All be they worthy Blame, or clear of Crime :
 Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poet's Rime,
 But rends, without Regard of Person or of Time.

Colin.

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Colin. I don't know which deserves more Praise, you, Squire *Tristram*, for your admirable Manner in Singing, or the Poet who has so excellently describ'd the most terrible Combat I ever heard of. Sir *Calidore* must have a stout Heart, that could venture to grapple with so formidable a Feind; methinks I see some of the Spirit of old *Homer's* Ballads reviv'd in this Sonnet.

Tristram. This is the Way we take to record the Actions of our *Fairy Knights*; thus, by often singing them over, they are imprinted on the Minds of the Hearers, in deeper Characters than what the cursory reading of the bare *Transaction* leave behind it.

Colin. 'Tis an excellent Expedient: Your extraordinary Skill in *Musick*, and your *harmonious Voice*, would set off any Words; but when to that is join'd the Excellency of *Matter*, 'tis ravishing, beyond Express.

Imme-

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Immerito. I see *Talus* has made quick Dispatch ; he comes, I suppose, to invite us in to *Breakfast*.

Talus. I have provided a small *Junket* ; please to walk in and partake of it.

Colin. These *Rooms* are exceeding beautiful ; all Places are fill'd with ravishing Objects of *Paint* ; the *Ceilings* are so contriv'd in lofty Arches, as if the Gods and Goddesses were descending from Heaven to banquet with us. I suppose your painted *Ceilings* are the History of the *Gods*, performing their Exploits in *Aetherial Clouds*.

Tristram. That *Lady* over your Head, in the Middle, is *Juno* ; you observe her fine *Chariot*, drawn by *Peacocks* ; her *Scepter* and *Diadem* is beset with *Lillies* and *Roses*. On her right Hand sits *Iris* ; just behind her march *Terror* and *Boldness* ; over her Head ride *Castor* and *Polux* in Clouds, which are driven by *Boreas*, and drawn by two young Foals begot by *Phæbus's* Stallions, on
Lucina's

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Lucina's Mares. There rides *Nep-tune* after her, in his Chariot drawn by Whales and Sea-Monsters; and after him, his Son *Proteus*, drawn by Animals of all Shapes, as well those bred on Sea, as Land-Monsters.

Colin. But where is *Jupiter*?

Tristram. He is in a Chamber by himself, with other Attendants.

Talus. Gentlemen, our Breakfast waits you. *Tristram*, you shall be Master of the Ceremonies; *Colin* is a Stranger; pray shew him the Respect and Civility due to welcome Guests.

Tristram. Pray, Sir, seat your self on this *Sopha*; we use no *Tables*; our *Junkets* are all serv'd to us on Plates made of *Jasper*, and our Drink serv'd in *Goblets* of *Rubies*, which make it in the *Cups* look like *Claret*, tho' it be really as clear as *Cryстал*, and as pure as the highest rectify'd *Spirit*.

Colin. 'Tis a delicious Way of living: Who is that small Gentleman I see entering with a *Musical Instrument*? I must also beg you'll instruct me in the Names of each of these handsome

handsome

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handsome *Gentlemen* who sit at each Side of me.

Tristram. That diminutive *Spark* is * *Dony*, *Florimel's* Dwarf; that Gentleman on your left Hand, is *Timias*, our renown'd St. *George's* Gentleman, a Squire of excellent Parts: That old Gentleman over against you, in a grave Habit, is one who went *Tutor* with Sir *Guyon* in his Travels; his Name is † *Palmer*. That Rustick, in a strange Dress, at the lower End of the Room, is a § *Salvage-Man*, bred up in the Woods, who

* For this was *Dony*, *Florimel's* own Dwarf,
Who 'gan of fundry News his Store to tell,
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimel*,
How she was found again, and spous'd to *Marinel*.

Book V. Cant. II. Stan. II, III.

† A goodly Knight—an *Elfin* born of noble State,
He Knighthood took of good Sir *Huon's* Hands,
When with King *Oberon* he came to *Fairy-Land*.
Him also company'd upon the Way,
A comely *Palmer*, clad in black Attire,
He seem'd to be a sage and sober Sire.

Book II. Cant. I. Stan. VI, VII.

§ Such was the State of this most courteous Knight,
That he remain'd in most per'lous Plight,
And his sad Lady left in pitiful Afright,
Till that by Fortune passing all Foresight,
A *Salvage-Man* which in those Woods did wonne,
Drawn with that Lady's loud and piteous Shright—

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who nevertheless has accompany'd
my Master Sir *Calidore*; and tho' he
can't speak, being bred up amongst
wild Beasts, shews a generous Na-
ture, and courteous Manners by all
his Actions. His Demeanour, even
since I knew him, has been civil;
and before he met Sir *Calidore*, he
shew'd a great deal of Humanity to a
wretched Knight nam'd *Calepine*,
and

There he this most discourteous Craven found,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous
Wound.

The *Salvage-Man*, that never 'till this Hour did taste
of Pity, ———

But naked, without needful Vestiments
To clad his Corpse with meet Habiliments,
He car'd not for Dint of Sword or Spear,
No more than for the Strokes of Straws, or Bents.

—— The wild Man more enrag'd grew,
Regarding neither Spear that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce Steed that mote him much Dismay.
Turpine — having no Use of his long Spear,
Both Spear and Shield he quite forsook ———

—— And fled away himself for Fear:
And had he not in his extreamest Need,
Been helped by the Swiftnes of his Steed,
He had him overtaken in his Flight,
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
'Gan cry aloud with horrible Affright,
And shrieked out a Thing uncomely for a Knight

Book VI. Cant. IV. Stan. I. to VII

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and his Lady *Serena*, who were constrain'd to take up their Quarters in his Cave. The others that you see round you, are Gentlemen, Attendants to the stranger Knights and Ladies that are lately come to Court. But hearken ; *Dony* is preparing his Lyre to entertain you with a Song. 'Tis of a Wedding, where all the *Sea-Gods* and *Goddeffes* were present. *Dony* performs it to Admiration.

D O N Y sings.

I.

It fortun'd that a solemn Feast was there
To all the Sea-gods, and their fruitful Seed,
In Honour of the Spoufals, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames*, (as we in Records read)
Before that Day, her wooed to his Bed ;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly Meed,
Nor no Entreaty to his Love be led ;
'Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

II.

So both agreed, that this their bridal Feast
Should for the Gods in *Proteus'* House be made ;
To which they all repair'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
As that in Rivers swim, or Brooks do wade.
All which, nor if an hundred Tongues to tell,
And hundred Mouths, and Voice of Brass I had,

F

And

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And endless Memory, that more excel,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

III.

Help therefore, O thou sacred Imp of *Jove* !
The Nourling of Dame *Memory*, his Dear,
To whom those Rolls laid up in Heaven above,
And Records of Antiquity appear,
To which no Wit of Man may comen near ;
Help me to tell the Names of all those Floods,
And all those Nymphs, which then assembled were
To that great Banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry Kinds, and all their hid Abodes.

IV.

First came great *Neptune*, with his three-fork'd Mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall ;
His dewy Locks did drop with Brine apace,
Under his Diadem Imperial :
And by his Side, his Queen with Coronall,
Fair *Amphitrite*, most divinely fair,
Whose Ivory Shoulders weren cover'd all,
As with a Robe, with her own silver Hair ;
And deck'd with Pearls, which th' *Indian* Seas for her
prepare.

V.

These marched far afore the other Crew ;
And all the Way before them, as they went,
Triton his Trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly Triumph and great Jolliment,
That made the Rocks to roar, as they were rent.
And after them, the Royal Issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineal Descent :
First the Sea Gods, which to themselves do claim
The Power to rule the Billows, and the Waves to
tame.

VI.

Phorcys, the Father of that fatal Brood,
By whom those old Heroes won such Fame ;
And *Glaucus*, that wise Soothsayer understood ;
And tragick *Ino's* Son, the which became

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A God of Seas through his mad Mother's Blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is Sailor's Friend :
Great *Brontes* and *Astræus*, that did shame
Himself with Incest of his Kin unken'd ;
And huge *Orion*, that doth Tempests still portend.

VII.

The rich *Ctearus*, and *Eurytus* long ;
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely Brethren both ;
Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong ;
Eurypulus, that calms the Waters Wroth ;
And fair *Euphæmus*, that upon them go'th
As on the Ground, without Difmay or Dread :
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The Waters Depth, and doth their Bottom tread ;
And sad *Asophus*, comely with his hoary Head.

VIII.

There also some most famous Founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the World possess'd ;
Yet Sons of *Neptune*, now assembled here :
Auncient *Ogyges*, even the auncientest,
And *Inachus*, renown'd above the rest ;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelægus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, best ;
And mighty *Albion*, Father of the bold
And warlike People, which the *Britain* Islands hold.

IX.

For *Albian* the Son of *Neptune* was ;
Who, for the Proof of his great Puissance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass
Into old *Gaul*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
To vanquish all the World with matchless Might ;
And there his mortal Part by great Mischance
Was slain : But that which is th' immortal Spright,
Lives still ; and to this Feast with *Neptune's* Seed
was dight.

X.

But what do I their Names seek to rehearse,
Which all the World have with their Issue fill'd ?

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How can they all in this so narrow Verse
Contained be, and in small Compass held ?
Let them record them, that are better skill'd,
And know the Monuments of passed Times :
Only what needeth, shall be here fulfill'd,
T' expresse some Part of that great Equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* do derive their Parentage.

XI.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame
Old *Tethys*, th' oldest two of all the rest ;
For all the rest of those two Parents came,
Which afterward both Sea and Land possess :
Of all which, *Nereus*, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed, than which, none more upright,
Ne more sincere in Word and Deed profess ;
Most void of Guile, most free from foul Despight,
Doing himself, and teaching others to do Right.

XII.

Thereto he was expert in Prophecies,
And could the Ledden of the Gods unfold ;
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous
Prize,
The fair *Tindarid* Lads, he him foretold,
That her all *Greece*, with many a Champion bold,
Should fetch again, and finally destroy
Proud *Priam's* Town. So wise is *Nereus* old,
And so well skill'd ; nath'less he takes great Joy
Oft-times among the wanton Nymphs to sport and
toy.

XIII.

And after him, the famous Rivers came,
Which do the Earth enrich and beautify :
The fertile *Nile*, which Creatures new doth frame ;
Long *Rhodanus*, whose Source springs from the Sky ;
Fair *Ister*, flowing from the Mountains high ;
Divine *Scamander*, purpled yet with Blood
Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, which therein did die ;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden Flood,
And *Tigris* fierce, whose Streams of none may be
withstood.

XIV.

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XIV.

Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
 Deep *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
 Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alphens* still immaculate :
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus*' Fate ;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romans* Fame,
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but known late ;
 And that huge River, which doth bear his Name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

XV.

Joy on those warlike Women, which so long
 Can from all Men so rich a Kingdom hold ;
 And Shame on you, O Men, which boast your strong
 And valiant Hearts, in Thoughts less hard and bold,
 Yet quail in Conquest of that Land of Gold.
 But this to you, O *Britons*, most pertains,
 To whom the Right hereof it self hath sold ;
 The which, for sparing little Cost or Pains,
 Lose so immortal Glory, and so endless Gains.

XVI.

Then was there heard a most celestial Sound
 Of dainty Musick, which did next ensue
 Before the Spouse ; that was *Arion* crown'd ;
 Who playing on his Harp, unto him drew
 The Ears and Hearts of all that goodly Crew,
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Thro' the *Aegean* Seas from Pirates View,
 Stood still by him astonish'd at his Lore,
 And all the raging Seas for Joy forgot to roar.

XVII.

So went he playing on the watry Plain,
 Soon after whom, the lovely Bridegroom came,
 The noble *Thames*, with all his goodly Train ;
 But him before there went, as best became
 His aunient Parents, namely th' aunient *Thames*.
 But much more aged was his Wife, than he,
 The *Ouze*, whom Men doe *Isis* rightly name ;
 Full weak and crooked Creature seemed she,

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And almost blind thro' Eld, that scarce her Way could see.

XVIII.

Therefore on either side she was sustain'd
Of two small Grooms, which by their Names were
hight

The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two small Streams which
Themselves her footing to direct aright, (pain'd
Which failed oft through faint and feeble Plight:
But *Thame* was stronger, and of better Stay,
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward Sight,
With Head all hoary, and his Beard all gray.
Dewed with silver Drops, that trickled down alway.

XIX.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoop afore
With bowed Back, by reason of the Load,
And auncient heavy Burden, which he bore
Of that fair City, wherein make Abroad
So many learned Imps, that shoot abroad,
And with their Branches spread all *Britanny*,
No less than do her elder Sister's Brood.
Joy to you both, ye double Nursery
Of Arts, but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

XX.

But he their Son full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a Robe of watchet Hew,
On which the Waves, glitt'ring like Chrystal Glasse,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could wenen, whether they were false or true;
And on his Head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common View,
In which were many Towers and Castles set,
That it encompass'd round as with a golden Fret.

XXI.

Like as the Mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great Iron Chariot wents to ride,
When to *Jove's* Palace she doth take her Way;
Old *Cybele*, array'd with pompous Pride,
Wearing a Diadem embattled wide

Wigh

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With hundred Turrets, like a Turribant ;
 With such an one was *Thamais* beautify'd ;
 That was to weet the famous *Troynovant*,
 In which her Kingdom's Throne is chiefly resiant.

XXII.

And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duly, ready to obey ;
 All little Rivers, which owe Vassalage
 To him, as to their Lord, and Tribute pay :
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetis* grey,
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft-sliding *Brean*,
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his Way,
 And the still *Darent*, in whose Waters clean
 Ten thousand Fishes play, and deck his pleasant
 Stream.

XXIII.

Then came his Neighbour Floods, which nigh
 him dwell,
 And water all the *English* Soil throughout ;
 They all on him this Day attended well,
 And with meet Service waited him about ;
 Ne one disdained low to him to lout :
 No not the stately *Severn* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout ;
 But both him honour'd as their Principal,
 And let their swelling Waters low before him fall.

XXIV.

There was the speedy *Tamar*, which divides
 The *Cornish*, and the *Devonish* Confines ;
 Through both whose Borders swiftly down it
 glides,
 And meeting *Plim*, to *Plim-uth* thence declines :
 And *Dart*, nigh choak'd with Sands of tinny Mines.
 But *Avon* marched in more stately Path,
 Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as als of wond'rous *Bath*,
 And *Bristow* fair, which on his Waves he builded
 hath.

XXV.

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XXV.

And there came *Stowre* with terrible Aspect,
Bearing his six deformed Heads on high,
That doth his Course through *Blandford* Plains
direct

And washeth *Winborne* Meades in Season dry.
Next him, went *Wylibourne* with Passage fly ;
That of his Wiliness his Name doth take,
And of himself doth name the Shire thereby :
And *Mo'e*, that like a nousling Mole doth make
His way still under Ground, 'till *Thamis* he o'ertake.

XXVI.

Then came the *Rother*, decked all with Woods
Like a Wood-God, and flowing fast to *Rhy* :
And *Sture*, that parteth with his pleasant Floods
The Eastern *Saxons* from the Southern nigh,
And *Clare* and *Harwich* both doth beautify :
Him follow'd *Yar*, soft washing *Normich* Wall,
And with him brought a Present joyfully
Of his own Fish unto their Festival,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they
Ruffins call.

XXVII.

Next these, the plenteous *Ouse* came far from Land,
By many a City, and by many a Town,
And many Rivers, taking under hand
Into his Waters, as he passeth down,
The *Cic*, the *Were*, the *Guant*, the *Sture*, the *Rowne*.
Thence doth by *Huntingdon* and *Cambridge* flit,
My Mother *Cambridge*, whom as with a Crown
He dorth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned Wit.

XXVIII.

And after him, the fatal *Welland* went,
That if old *Sawes* prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all *Holland* with his Excrement,
And shall see *Stamford*, though now homely hid,
Then shine in Learning more than ever did
Cambridge or *Oxford*, England's goodly Beams.

And

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And next to him, the *Nene* down softly slid ;
And bounteous *Trent*, that in himself enfeams
Both thirty sort of Fish, and thirty sundry Streams.

XXIX.

Next these, came *Tyne*, along whose stony Bank
That *Roman* Monarch built a brazen Wall,
Which more the feebled *Britons* strongly flank
Against the *Picts*, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof *Gualsevar* they do call :
And *Twede*, the Limit betwixt *Logris* Land
And *Albany* ; and *Eden*, though but small,
Yet often stain'd with Blood of many a Band
Of *Scots* and *English* both, that tined on his Strand.

XXX.

Then came those six sad Brethren, like forlorn,
That whilome were (as antique Fathers tell)
Six valiant Knights, of one fair Nymph yborn,
Which did in noble Deeds of Arms excel,
And wonned there, where now *York* People dwell ;
Still *Ure*, swift *Werse*, and *Oze*, the most of Might,
High *Swale*, unquiet *Nyde*, and troublous *Skell* ;
All whom a *Scythian* King, that *Humber* hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the River drowned quite.

XXXI.

But past not long, e'er *Britus* warlike Son,
Loetrinus, then aveng'd, and the same Dare-
Which the proud *Humber* unto them had done,
By equal Doom repay'd on his own Pate :
For, in the self-same River, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him again ;
And nam'd the River of his wretched Fate.
Whose bad Condition yet it doth retain,
Oft tossed with his Storms, which therein still re-
main.

XXXII.

These after, came the stony shallow *Zone*,
That to old *Loncaster* his Name doth lend ;
And following *Dee*, which *Britons* long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by *Chester* tend ;
And

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And *Conway*, which out of his Stream doth send
Plenty of Pearls to deck his Dames withal ;
And *Lindus*, that his Pikes doth most commend,
Of which the ancient *Lincoln* Men do call :
All these together marched toward *Proteus*' Hall.

XXXIII.

Ne thence the *Irish* Rivers absent were,
Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
And join in Neighbourhood of Kingdom near,
Why should they not likewise in Love agree,
And joy likewise this solemn Day to see ?
They saw it all, and present were in Place ;
Though I them all according their Degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden Race,
Nor read the salvage Countries thorough which they
pass.

XXXIV.

There was the *Liffie*, rolling down the *Lea*,
The sandy *Slane*, the stony *Aubrian*,
The spacious *Shenan* spreading like a Sea,
The pleasant *Boyne*, the fishy fruitful *Ban*,
Swift *Auniduff*, which of the *English*-man
Is call'd *Blackwater*, and the *Liffar* deep,
Sad *Trowis*, that once his People over-ran,
Strong *Allo* tombling from *Slewlogher* steep,
And *Mulla*, mine, whose Waves I wilome taught to
weep.

XXXV.

And there the three renowned Brethren were,
Which that great Giant *Blomins* begot
Of the fair Nymph *Rhensa* wand'ring there.
One Day, as she to shun the Season hot,
Under *Slewbloome* in shady Grove was got,
This Giant found her, and by Force deflow'r'd :
Whereof conceiving, she in Time forth brought
These three fair Sons, which being thence forth
pour'd,
In three great Rivers ran, and many Countries
flour'd.

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XXXVI.

The first the gentle *Shure*, that making Way
By sweet *Clonmel*, adorns rich *Waterford* ;
The next, the stubborn *Newre*, whose Waters grey
By fair *Kilkenny* and *Rosseponte* board ;
The third, the goodly *Barow*, which doth hoard
Great Heaps of Salmon in his deep Bosom :
All which long fundred, do at last accord
To join in one, e'er to the Sea they come,
flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XXXVII.

There also was the wide embayed *Mayre*,
The pleasant *Bandon*, crown'd with many a Wood,
The spreading *Lee*, that like an Island fair
Encloseth *Corke* with his divided Flood ;
And baleful *Oure*, late stain'd with *English* Blood :
With many more, whose Names no Tongue can
tell.

All which that Day, in order seemly good,
Did on the *Thames* attend, and waited well
to do their dueful Service, as to them besel.

XXXVIII.

Then came the Bride, the loving *Medway* came,
Clad in a Vesture of unknown Geare,
And uncouth Fashion, yet her well became ;
That seem'd like Silver, sprinkled here and there
With glittering Spangs, that did like Stars appear,
And wav'd upon, like Water Chamelot,
To hide the Metal, which yet every where
Bewray'd it self, to let Men plainly wor,
was no morral Work that seem'd, and yet was not

XXXIX.

Her goodly Locks adown her Back did flow
Unto her Waste, with Flow'rs bescattered,
The which ambrosial Odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her Shoulders spread
As a new Spring ; and likewise on her Head
A Chapelet of sundry Flow'rs she wore,
from under which the dewy Humour shed,

Did

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Did trickle down her Hair, like to the Hore
Congealed little Drops, which do the Morn adore.

XL.

On her two pretty Hand-maids did attend,
One call'd the *Theise*, the other call'd the *Crane*
Which on her waited, Things amiss do mend,
And both behind up-held her spreading Train;
Under the which, her Feet appeared plain,
Her silver Feet, fair wash'd against this Day:
And her before there passed Pages twain,
Both clad in Colours like, and like Array,
The *Doune* and eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her
Way.

XLI.

And after these, the Sea-Nymphs marched all,
All goodly Damzels, deck'd with long green
Hair,
Whom of their Sire *Nereides* Men call,
All which the Ocean's Daughter to him bare;
The gray-ey'd *Doris*; all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, mild *Eucrate*, *Thetis* fair,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad;

XLII.

White-hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamene*,
Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Lovely *Pasithee*, kind *Eulimene*,
Lightfoot *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* Lilly white,
Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesaea*,
With *Erato*, that doth in Love delight,
And *Panope*, and wise *Protomedea*,
And Snow-neck'd *Doris*, and Milk-white *Galathea*

XLIII.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actea*,
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronaa* sage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she that with her least Word can assuage

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The surging Seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
 And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in Age,
 And seeming still to smile, *Glauconome*,
 And she that hight of many Hests, *Polynome*;

XLIV.

Fresh *Alimeda*, deck'd with Garland green;
Hyponoe, with salt bedewed Wrests:
Laomedea, like the Crystal sheen;
Liagore, much prais'd for wise Behests;
 And *Pfamathe*, for her broad snowy Breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themisse* just;
 And she that Virtue loves and Vice detests,
Everno, and *Menippe* true in Trust,
 And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her Lust.

XLV.

All these the Daughters of old *Nereus* were,
 Which have the Sea in charge to them assign'd,
 To rule his Tides, and Surges to up-rear,
 To bring forth Storms, or fast them to up-bind,
 And Sailor save from Wrecks of wrathful Wind.
 And yet besides, three thousand more there were
 Of th' Ocean's Seed, but *Jove's* and *Phæbus's* Kind;
 The which in Floods and Fountains do appear,
 And all Mankind do nourish with their Waters clear.

XLVI.

The which, more eath it were for mortal Wight,
 To tell the Sands, or count the Stars on high,
 Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right.
 But well I wote, that these which I descry,
 Were present at this great Solemnity:
 And there amongst the rest, the Mother was
 Of luckless *Marinel*, *Cymodoce*,
 Which, for my Muse herself now tired has
 Unto another Canto I will over-pass.

LXXIV INTRODUCTION.

Talus. Much good may do ye, Mr. Colin. How do you like the Song?

Colin. Extremely well, Sir. The Entertainment is ravishing. You Fairies take Care to feast all the Senses at once.

Immerito. Now, *Colin*, I believe, if *Timias* will oblige us with the History of his Travels, and an Account of his Love, and the Misfortunes his Passion for *Belphebe* involv'd him in, you'll not think it unpleasant.

Colin. I dare say I shall meet with nothing unpleasant among such pleasant Gentlemen. Relations of such Nature must needs be very diverting.

Timias. Tho' I have often told the Story, yet I never begin without a Sigh. To think how many heart-aching Pains that Fair-One has caus'd me to undergo, almost makes my Wounds bleed afresh; and yet I can't accuse her of any Cruelty.

Colin. I would have you by no means oblig'd to any Thing that is a Pain to you.

Timias.

INTRODUCTION. lxxv

Timias. No, Mr. Colin, I take a secret Pleasure even in that Pain. It obliges me, when any Persons are so courteous as to hear my Misfortunes, *olim meminisse juvabit*. But, if you please, we'll adjourn into next Room, Breakfast being over, that the Ladies, who are diverting themselves at their Tea-Table, may partake of the Story: Some of them, being Strangers, have not heard it.

Colin. With all my Heart; I have a Curiosity to see some of your *Fairy-Ladies*.

Tristram. I'll shew you the Way, and introduce you. — Ladies, I present you here with an honest Gentleman, Mr. Colin, to whom I desire you'll shew your wonted Courtesy. — This, Sir, is * *Samient*, Queen *Mercilla's* Maid of Honour. — This is

G 2

the

* And then that Damsel, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchas'd Prize with him convey
Unto the *Souldan's* Court, her to present
Unto his scornful Lady, that for her had sent.

lxxiv INTRODUCTION.

the fair † *Serena*, Sir, *Caleine's* Lady, to whom that *salvage Man* shew'd so much Civility. — — This is the beautiful *Canace*, Sir *Cambine's* espous'd Lady. — This is the lovely * *Amoret*, Sir *Scudamore's* Lady. — And this the admirable Shepherdess *Pastorella*, Sir *Calidore's* Lady.

Colin. I hope, Mr. *Tristram*, the Ladies will pardon my rustick Appearance : I'm but a poor *Mortal*, and was never introduc'd among such fine Company before.

Tri.

† The fair *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with Mildness of the gentle Weather —
Wander'd about the Fields, as liking led
Her wavering Lust, after her wand'ring Sight —
The *Blatant Beast* forth rushing unaware,
Caught her thus loosely wand'ring here and there
And in his wide great Mouth away her bare. —

When *Calidore*,
Who was more light of Foot, and swift of Chace
Him overtook in the midst of his Race, —
And forc'd him to betake himself to Flight ;
For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Book VI. Cant. III. Stan. 23, 24, 25

* Of Lovers sad Calamities of old
Full many piteous Stories do remain ;
But none more piteous yet was ever told,
Than that of *Amoret's* Heart-binding Chain,
And this of *Florimel's* unworthy Pain.

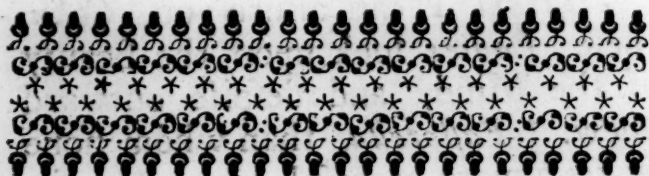
Book IV. Cant. I. Stan. 1

INTRODUCTION. lxxvii

Tristram. I can assure you, *Colin*, these *Ladies* look upon the Beauty of the Mind, and despise outward Shew. * *Pastorella*, than whom none makes a more graceful Appearance in the *Fairy Court*, was bred an humble *Shepherdess*; therefore your modest *Guise* will the better suit with her Fancy. Seeing your Modesty is abash'd, I won't put you to the Pain of saluting any more of the *Ladies*, to whom I'll take a fitter Opportunity to introduce you; please to seat yourself here by me, whilst we listen to *Timias's* Story.

* Sir *Calidore*, did there beside
 See a fair *Damsel*, which did wear a Crown
 Of sundry Flowers, with Silken Ribbands ty'd.
 The rest admiring her —————
 Did for their Sovereign Goddess her Esteem;
 And caroling her Name both Day and Night,
 The fairest *Pastoralla* her by Name did Hight. —
 Her whilst Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
 He was, unawares, surpriz'd in subtil Bands
 Of the *Blind Boy*, —————
 Caught like the Bird which gazing still
 On others stands.

Book VI. Cant. IX. Stan. 7, 9, 11.



THE
STORY
OF
BELPHOE BE.

BOOK I.

Prælude, sung by Timias.

Then to this fair *Belphebe*, in her Birth,
The Heavens so favourable were, and free,
Looking with mild Aspect upon the Earth,
In th' *Horoscope* of her Nativity,
That all the Gifts of Grace and Chastity
On her they poured forth of plenteous Horn;
Jove laugh'd on *Venus* from his Sovereign See,
And *Phæbus* with fair Beams did her adorn,
And all the *Graces* rock'd her Cradle, being born.

Book III. Cant. VI. Stan. II.

C H A P.

C H A P. I.

Timias.

Begin with a little *Sonnet*
made in Praise of the di-
vine *Fair*. Oh! how shall
I mention my ador'd *An-*
gel without rapturous Agonies? Par-
don, I beseech you, my extatick
Frenzy, which leads me beside my-
self when I think of her.

As I travel'd, on a Time, with
my most renown'd *Knight* and Ma-
ster, the Immortal St. *George*, it hap-
pen'd that a † *beautiful Lady* rush'd
out of a neighbouring Wood.

This *lovely Creature*, whose Gar-
ments were of || beaten Gold, was
pur-

† All suddenly out of the thickest Brush
Upon a Milk-white Palfrey, all alone
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose Face did seem as clear as crystal Stone,
And eke (thro' Fear) as white as Whalez Bone;
Her Garments all were wrought of beaten Gold.

Book III. Cant. I. Stan. XV.

|| Royally clad, quoth he, in Cloth of Gold,
Her fair Locks in rich Circlet be enroll'd,
And fairer Wight did never Sun behold.

Book III. Cant. V. Stan. V.

Forster

pursu'd by a salvage *Forster*, whose lustful Countenance beray'd his beastly Purpose, of making that heavenly *Fair One* fall a Victim to his brutish Appetite.

Sir *Guyon*, who was then in my Master's Company, struck with the Perfections of that excellent Beauty, pursu'd her; who rid on a small Milk white Beast, that ran like a Buck before the Hounds.

Nor was my *Master*, the glorious St. *George*, less insensible of the Charms of this lovely Object, whose dishevell'd Hair blown loose by the Wind, and her torn Garments which the rude Bushes had exceedingly disoblig'd, did not a little add Grace to that Countenance, where *Fear* and *Anger* had alarm'd all the Centinel-Spirits, to keep Guard at the Crystal Windows of her Eyes.

He accompany'd *Gyon* in the Pursuit of that Lady; who, had she known what two courteous noble Knights pursu'd her, would undoubtedly have slacken'd her Speed, and not

not fled so fast from the most polite and best bred Gentlemen of the Age.

The cowardly Forester, seeing others in Quest of his Game, desisted his Pursuit, and fled another Way. Whilst I, fir'd with *Indignation* against that inhuman *Villain*, more than with *Love*, (which had then never open'd any Passage to my innocent Heart) pursu'd that *Passion* which fires *Heroick* Minds, — a *Desire to revenge the Injuries the innocent sustain'd*, by heaping Wrong on the Head of the *Aggressor*.

On this Account I directed my Steps, with what Speed I might, after this *leacherous Forester*, to give him the due Reward of his Inhumanity.

I chas'd him, long Time, thro' the thick Woods, wherein he often essay'd to hide his fearful Head; but I as often rous'd him from his Kennel; whilst, like a hunted Fox, he made so many Dublings, and play'd such Tricks, and bounc'd with his wild Palfry so nimbly thro' the intricate Paths of the Thickets, (which he
was

was perfectly acquainted with, and I a Stranger to) that at last I quite lost both him and my self.

The *Salvage* perceiving that he had hamper'd me in the *Woods*, and guessing I could not readily find my Way out, began to take Courage; therefore going to a neighbouring Cave, he call'd to his Assistance two of his Brethren; who, all three, agreeing in ungodly Principles, arm'd themselves with horrible *Weapons*, and vow'd I should never escape, with Life, out of their Clutches.

These three *Monsters* met me as I was passing a little *Ford*, in order to seek some Way out of that Wood. And before I espy'd 'em the *Villain*, that I had pursu'd, shot at me from a high Bank, which was at the other Side of the *Ford*, and the *Ball* went thro' my *Hat*, and raz'd the Skin off my Forehead.

I was cruelly nettled at this Salute; and the more enrag'd, because I could not come at my Adversary, to avenge my self immediately.

Being

Being on the Mettle, and thirsting to avenge my self, I set Spürs to my *Horse*, which bounded toward the Bank from which the Shot came; but there I found no Landing-Place; for the *Salvages* with their cruel long *Boar-Spears* so prick'd my *Steed*, that forward he would not go. In the mean while, one of the Villains, with a *Pistol* which he took out of his *Girdle*, fir'd at me, and the *Ball* lodg'd it self in my *Thigh*.

The Pain of this Wound added new Force to my Courage, and with more Violence than before, spurring on boldly, at one *Bounce* my nimble *Steed* leapt up the Bank, and gave me an Opportunity to deal with those *Ruffians* as they deserv'd. One of them I shot dead in the Place. The other two discharg'd each a *Pistol* at me, which was all the *Shot* they had left.

Receiving no Wound from their Fire, I was resolv'd to make the best Use of mine, and coming near to him who

who pursu'd || *Florimel*, I made sure
 Work there; for whilst with both
 Hands he lifted up a Battle-Ax,
 I shot him thro' the Head; so that
 down he dropp'd, and I avoided his
 Blow, which, had it lighted on me,
 as he intended, could have done me
 no Kindness.

The other, seeing his two Brethren
 slain, would have fled into the *Wood*,
 and, for that End, jump'd into the
 Water. By this Time my Horse was
 in his Airs, and wanted but little
 spurring to fly like Lightning, be-
 ing a very high-metall'd Tit; there-
 fore before the Forester could reco-
 ver his Leap, the Bank being some-
 thing high in that Place, I plung'd
 upon him, and with my Horses Feet
 dash'd out his Brains, leaving him in
 the

|| That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she be,
 The bountiest Virgin, and most Debonair,
 That ever living Eye, I ween, did see;
 Lives none this Day that may with her compare
 In stedfast Chastity and Virtue rare,
 And is ycleped *Florimel* the fair;
 Fair *Florimel*, belov'd of many a Knight,
 Yet she loves none but one that *Marinel* is hight.

Book III. Cant. V. Stan. V.

the Water, to wash clean, if possible, his polluted *Soul*, before it went to *Charon's Ferry*.

Being now rid of my Enemies, I got easily out of the Water, and had Leisure to reflect on the Wound I had receiv'd in my Thigh. I began to feel it very painful, and the Issue of Blood which stream'd from it, render'd me faint; which Faintness increasing, soon eas'd me of the Trouble of alighting: For down I fell from my Horse in a Swoon, and there I might have lain 'till now, had not Providence order'd Matters otherwise.

Oh! *Belphebe*! to you I owe my Life; 'tis yours, and therefore 'tis but just that I should devote it to your Service. How happy had I been, had I then expir'd by a Wound, which (being far from the Heart) was less sensible than what I have since receiv'd from your Eyes. But let me not exclaim against your *divine Goodness*, for what my own unruly Passion brought upon me.

H

'Twas

'Twas my good, my ador'd Angel
 * *Belphebe*, who sav'd me in this
 Exigency : For she delighting in
 Hunting, pursu'd her Game into
 those Woods which were adjacent
 to her Mansions ; and supposing the
Dogs run that Way, came with her
 Attendants to the very Bank where
 I lay bath'd in Blood, and senseless
 of the Charms that approach'd me.

How

* Providence heavenly, passeth living Thought,
 And doth for wretched Mens Relief, make Way ;
 For lo ! great Grace or Fortune thither brought
 Comfort to him that comfortless now lay,
 In those same Woods, ———
 A Noble Huntress did wonne, ———
Belphebe was her Name, as fair as *Phæbus* Sun —
 Shortly she came, whereas that woful Squire,
 With Blood deformed, lay in deadly Swoon.
 All suddenly abash'd she changed Hue,
 And with stern Horror backward 'gan to start :
 But when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full of soft Passion, and unwonted Smart,
 The Point of Pity pierced thro' her tender Heart.
 Meekly she bowed down, to weet if Life
 Yet in his frozen Members did remain,
 And feeling by his Pulses beating rise,
 That the weak Soul her Seat did yet retain,
 She cast to comfort him with busy Pain.
 His double-folded Neck she rear'd upright,
 And rubb'd his Temples, and each trembling Vein
 Into the Woods thenceforth in Haste she went,

To seek for *Herbs* that mote him Remedy,
 For she of *Herbs* had great Intendement
 Taught of the Nymph, which from her Infancy
 Her nursed had in true Nobility.
 There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
 Or *Panacea*, or *Poligony*,
 She found and brought it to her *Patient* dear,
 Who all this While lay bleeding out his Heart
 Blood near.

The sovereign Weed, betwixt two Marbles plain
 She pounded small, and did in Pieces bruise ;
 And then between her Lilly-handez twain,
 Into his Wound the Juice thereof did scruze,
 And round about (as she could well it use)
 The Flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
 To abate all Spasm, and soak the swelling Bruise ;
 And after having search'd the Intuse deep,
 She with her Scarf did bind the Wound, from Cold
 to keep.

By this he had sweet Life recur'd again,
 And groaning inly deep, at last his Eyes,
 His wary Eyes, drizzling like dewy Rain,
 He up 'gan lift toward the azure Skies ;
 The goodly Maid full of Divinities

—————He by him spy'd—————
 Mercy dear *Lord*, said he, what Grace is this
 That thou hast shewed to me sinful Wight,
 To send thine *Angel* from her Bower of Bliss,
 To comfort me in my distressed Plight ?
 Angel ! or Goddess ! do I call thee right ?
 What Service may I do unto thee meet,
 That hast from Darkness me return'd to Light ? —
 Thereat she blushing, said, Ah ! gentle Squire,
 Nor Goddess I, nor Angel —————

We mortal Wights, whose Lives and Fortunes be
 To common Accidents still open laid,
 Are bound with common Bond of Frailty,
 To succour wretched Persons whom we captiv'd see.

Book III. Cant. V. Stan. XXVII, to XXXVII.

How she dress'd my Wound, or drew out the *Bullet* that lay deep in my Thigh, I had not Sense left to perceive ; but sure it is, she made use of such sovereign *Balms*, that the frozen *Spirits* regain'd Life, and gave Motion to the coagulated *Blood* which lay congeal'd in my Heart. When I open'd my *Eyes*, judge how I was struck, to be so tenderly and kindly handled by so adorable a *Goddess*. I would on my Knees have worshipp'd her, but she forbid that ; telling me she was neither *Angel* or *Goddess*, but a *mortal Fairy* like my self: That good Offices were due to all in Distress ; and that the secret Pleasure she sustain'd in doing a charitable Deed, was the greatest Reward she expected, and a greater Delight to her, than the richest Presents could give. She bid me offer my *Sacrifice* to the immortal Deity who had directed her Steps that Way, to be a *Minister* of so much Mercy towards me.

By this Time her Retinue, whom she had out-rid with Eagerness of the Chace,

Chace, were come up to her : They wonder'd to see a *Mortal* in that Condition ; and by their Looks, I could perceive they pity'd my wretched Plight. My heavenly Doctress soon commanded them to remove me to better Quarters ; so, whilst some were employ'd to look after my Horse, which was stray'd in the Woods, others bore me in their Arms to *Belphebe's* † Habitation. 'Twas a Country-Seat ; plain, but exceeding neat : It had all the Advantages that Art or Nature could bestow on so amuzing a Solitude.

Here I had an Apartment provided for me : My Sore was fresh
H 3 drefs'd

† Into that Forest far they thence him led,
Where was their Dwelling in a pleasant Glade,
With Mountains round about environed,
And mighty Woods, which did the Valley shade ;
And like a stately *Theatre* it made,
Spreading it self into a spacious Plain ;
And in the Midst a little River play'd
Amongst the Pumy-Stones, which still complain
With gentle Murmur, that his Course they did re-
strain.
Thither they brought that wounded *Squire*, and laid
In easy Couch his feeble Limbs to rest.

Book III. Cant. V. Stan. XLII.

dress'd every Day by my blessed *Doctores*; therefore in a short Time my Wound began to heal. ———

I must breathe a While. ——— I find my Blood grows warm, by the Heat *Fancy* reflects from her transcendent *Rays*. All my *Spirits* (which were captivated to her Charms, and brib'd to rebel against my Reason) are, by blowing off the Ashes in which they were lazily bury'd, rous'd up into a sort of *Combustion* against me, by the fresh *Blast* which the *Memory* of these Transactions raises in my *Inclinations*.

As oft as I reflect on these Passages, *Plato's* Philosophy comes poudering down from the *Seraphick* Elements, into my Skull, and fills my Brain as full of harmonious *Ideas*, as a Lover is full of fanciful Whimfies.

In my *Philosophick* Mood, I learnedly perswade my self so many *Effluviiums* were transmitted from her lovely Hands, into my Pores, whilst warmly she dress'd my Wound, that they at last gathering *Homogeniously* into

into one Body, prov'd too strong for my feeble Guard of Spirits; so that setting up her *Image* as a *Standard* in the chief *Fortresses* of my *Soul*, the *Citadel* of my *Heart* beat a Parly, and surrender'd (without Terms) to her Discretion.

Under these Disadvantages of Fortune, what *Mortal* was able to hold out against her *Charms*? She is already proclaim'd *Queen* and *Mistress* of my *Heart*. Her Harmony, like the *Siren's* Voice, enchanted all my scatter'd Troops, and her obliging *Sway* soon entic'd over, to her, all my enamour'd *Forces*, which in the very first Engagement deserted me, and list'd themselves voluntarily in her Service.

Judge you what a fine Condition I must be in; every *Garrison* of my Faculties was wholly subdu'd to her arbitrary Power. Destitute of all *Regal* Authority, I could be no longer Master of my self, or have the least Command over my rebellious Subjects, which had prov'd already
Rene-

Renegades to their Master who bred them, and ought therefore no longer to be trusted by him. I had not a vital *Spirit* left, that I was not jealous of, or did not suspect to be brib'd to her Side.

Unhappy, unthinking Soul ! that suffer'd an Enemy so to insinuate into the inmost Recesses of your unwary Mind, and betray all your *Policies* at one single Turn of Chance.

But how can I call her an Enemy, who is *blest*'d by all that see her ? Should she be blam'd for participating of that *Faculty* which is look'd upon as an *Attribute* of Divinity, — a ruling *Sway* over the subdu'd *Souls* of Mortals, who, by right *Reason* and good *Government*, desist to guide themselves wisely ?

No, I won't, I can't, I dare not say that she is, or ever was my *Enemy*. She's my *Sovereign*, my *Mistress*, my *Friend*, nay, my all that's *dear*, or can be *dear* unto me. Nor can *Racks* or *Tortures* ever make me acknowledge

acknowledge any other *Supremacy* below the *Heavens*, than hers.

† Oh *Belphebe* ! 'twas you that cur'd my wounded *Thigh*, and at the same Time wounded my *Heart* ; which 'till that Time, had never felt the Smart of *Cupid's Dart*.

I have almost lost my Story, in pursuing the old beaten Road of my bewildering Passion. To take Time therefore to compose my self, and recollect what happen'd to me whilst I was hospitably entertain'd in this Wilderness, *Dony* will sing a Song, the Words of which often came into my Mind, in my amorous Retirement,

† Daily she dress'd him, and did the best,
 (His grievous Heart to garish) that she might,
 That shortly she his Dolour hath redress'd,
 And his foul Sore reduc'd to fair Plight,
 It she reduc'd, but himself destroyed quite.
 O foolish Physick, and unfruitful Pain,
 That heals up one, and makes another Wound.
 She his hurt Thigh to him recur'd again,
 But hurt his Heart, the which before was sound,
 Thro' an unwary Dart which did rebound
 From her fair Eyes. —————

ment, and was made on a Youth
whose Case squar'd very much with
my Circumstances at that Time.

D O N Y *sings.*

I.

Still as his Wound did gather and grow whole,
So still his Heart wox fore, and Health decay'd.
Madness to save a Part, and lose the whole.
Still when-as he beheld the heavenly Maid,
Whiles daily Plaisters to his Wound she lay'd,
So still his Malady the more increas'd,
The whiles her matchless Beauty him dismay'd.
Ah God ! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a Lady, that his Life releas'd ?

II.

Long while he strove in his courageous Breast,
With Reason due the Passion to subdue,
And Love for to dislodge out of his Nest :
Still when her Excellencies he did view,
Her sovereign Bounty and celestial Hue,
The same to Love he strongly was constrain'd ;
But when his mean Estate he did renew,
He from such hardy Boldness was restrain'd,
And of his luckless Lot and cruel Love thus plain

III.

Unthankful Wretch, said he, is this the Meed,
With which her sovereign Mercy thou dost quit
Thy Life she saved by her gracious Deed,
But thou dost ween with villainous Despight
To blot her Honour, and her heavenly Light.
Die rather, die, than so disloyally
Deem of her high Desert, or seem so light :
Fair Death it is, to shun more Shame, to die ;
Die rather, die, than ever love disloyally.

IV.

But if to love, Disloyalty it be,
 Shall I then hate her, that from Death's Door
 Me brought ? Ah ! far be such Reproach from me.
 What can I less do, than her love therefore,
 Sith I her due Reward cannot restore ?
 Die rather, die, and dying do her serve,
 Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
 Thy Life she gave, thy Life she doth deserve :
 Die rather, die, than ever from her Service swerve.

V.

But, foolish Boy, what boots thy Service base
 To her, to whom the Heavens do serve and sue ?
 Thou a mean Squire, of meek and lowly Place,
 She heavenly born, and of celestial Hue.
 How then ? of all, Love taketh equal View :
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The Love and Service of the basest Crew ?
 If she will not, die meekly for her sake ;
 Die rather, die, than ever so fair Love forsake.

Talus. I hear the *Trumpet* sound ;
Arthegal is going to Court ; the
 Cause of *Dueffa* comes on this Day :
 I must be there to keep Silence,
 and regulate Matters ; the Court will
 be very full.

Immerito. By all Means let us
 accompany you to Court ; 'twould
 be a great Neglect to miss this Op-
 portunity of seeing such a Concourse
 of *Fairies* as will be there : Be-
 sides, to hear with what Justice and
 Accuracy

Accuracy *Arthegal* determines Causes, is a Matter worth every Stranger's Notice. Therefore we must beg that the remaining Part of *Timias's* Relation, may be deferr'd to another Opportunity.

Colin. I would by no Means have it said, that I should go to Earth again, and neglect seeing *Arthegal* in his Court of Justice.

Tristram. Ladies, I believe your Curiosity may also lead you to hear this famous Cause; therefore give me Leave to be your *Gallant*, and lead you into a commodious Gallery, where you'll hear and see every Thing. Mr. *Colin*, you'll excuse me, if I leave you to be usher'd by *Timias*; you know we courtly *Squires* must always pay our first Devoirs to the *Ladies*.

Colin. By all Means; the *Ladies* Service must not be neglected on any Account.

Timias. Mr. *Colin*, I'll conduct you to a Gallery opposite to *Arthegal's* Seat, where you'll hear and see all that

that is transacted. *Talus* I find is in haste, he's run before ; he's afraid he shall be too late there.

Immerito. Come, let us make what Haste we can, for fear we should be too much crouded : I am apprehensive there will be an innumerable Throng of *Fairies*.

Colin. I dare say there will be never a mortal *Shepherd* there, but my self.

Immerito. You may be in the Right of that : Come, let us hasten, you must not stand gazing now on the Beauty of the *Appartments, Galleries, Pleasure-Gardens, Courts*, and other curious Objects, that will be apt to draw your Eyes towards them : But a View of these we must entirely let alone 'till we come back.

Timias. Come, Gentlemen, I lead the Way ; follow me.

Colin. You *Fairies* skip at a great Rate ; I am hurry'd on I know not how in the Crowd. Where are you, Master *Immerito*, I am afraid I shall loose you.

Immerito. No, *Colin*, I am hard by.

Colin. If one had a Mind, they
I could

could not observe much here, there's such a Crowd of *Fairies* on every Hand. I think it needless to ask any one's Name in this Crowd; here seems to be *Gentle* and *Simple*, all together *Hicklede picklede*.

Immerito. Now we're come to Court, let us follow *Talus*; he'll lead us to the *Gallery* where we may see all.

Timias. Here, Mr. *Colin*, place your self by me; I'll instruct you in the Manners of this Court. The Names of the most noted of these *Fairies*, that you see before us, you shall learn in their Order. I need not tell you which is *Arthegal*, you may distinguish him by his Robes of Justice, which were presented him from the Wardrobe of ancient *British Kings*. On his right Hand sits *Mercilla*, and on the *Thron*, over his Head, is plac'd the divine *Una*. Who can gaze on so many heavenly Charms, without being ravish'd! But I have made a Compact with my Eyes, since she is espous'd to my Master, the truly noble *St. George*; and only tell you, that her Maiden Name

Name was *Belphebe* ; the very same that fav'd my Life, who is now my Master's Property ; and I have the only Happiness and Blessing I could wish or hope for in my mean State : Serving her in any Capacity, is to me sufficient Enjoyment. My Love for her, has been all along purely *Seraphick* ; and now I have the Honour to be admitted a Servant in the Family, I am happily content ; and my Zeal in serving her, is augmented by the transporting Affection I have bore towards her, ever since her Image was first imprinted on my Fancy. This, I say, is that *Belphebe*, who, in her *Virgin-State*, retir'd with her Maids unto a rural Solitude : And 'till *St. George* touch'd her Heart, could never be perswaded to alter her Condition. She fell in Love with *St. George* by a Vision ; and her Passion for the lovely Shadow that was presented to her View in a Dream, grew so violent, that she, in Disguise, with her old Nurse *Glauce*, resolv'd to hunt all the World over for him. She left then following Dogs,

I 2

being

being now in Pursuit of nobler Game, and disguis'd herself in *Heroick Habit*. In this Disguise, she took upon her the Name of *Britomartis*; of whose Heroick Feats, *History* writes at large. 'Tis certain, that by her great *Valour*, and *magick* Arms, she defeated all Opposers. 'Twould take up too much Time now, to describe her Dress, her Sword and Pistols; all these are laid up, and carefully preserv'd, to be shewn to Strangers. I'll shew them to you at a convenient Season.

You see in her Company several beautiful Ladies: That grave Lady next her, is *Cælia*, Mother to those three Ladies that you see stand altogether at her right Hand. *Fidelia* is the eldest of *Cælia*'s Daughters; *Speransa* is the second, and *Charissa* the youngest Daughter. You may distinguish them by their Place, which they take according to Seniority. On the left Hand stands *Duesssa*, and at her Back, whispering her in the Ear, that rank Hypocrite *Archimago*.

You see how *Archimago* holds up his Eyes and Hands, as if he were imploring

imploring *Heaven* to assist his devilish Purposes ; whereas, if you were to see his Heart, 'tis top full of *Treason* and *Rebellion*.

'Tis that *Villain* that has all this While encourag'd *Dueffa* in her wicked *Falshoods* ; and now he is oblig'd in Honour to support her. None but a Person of his unparallell'd Assurance, could appear with such a brazen Face, in so base a Cause, even against the Face of Justice, and the clearest Evidence imaginable.

That Sorceress, *Dueffa*, has none but deform'd *Wretches* to stand up for her ; the very Looks of them, are enough to turn ones Stomach.

There's that *Hagg* * *Ate*, the famous Witch, how deform'd she is ?

I 3

with

* The one of them, the false *Dueffa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted Hue ;
For she could d'on so many Shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon Colours new ;
So could she forge all Colours, save the true.
The other no whit better was than she,
But that such as she was, she plain did shew ;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might be,
And daily more offensive unto each Degree.
Her Name was *Ate*, Mother of Debate,
And all Dissension, which doth daily grow
Amongst

Amongst frail Men, that many a publick State,
 And many a private oft doth overthrow.
 Her, false *Duessa*, who full well did know,
 To be most fit to trouble noble Knights
 Which hunt for Honour, raised from below,
 Out of the Dwellings of the damned Sprights,
 Where she in Darkness wastes her cursed Days and
 Nights.

Hard by the Gates of Hell her Dwelling is,
 There whereas all the Plagues and Harms abound,
 Which punish wicked Men, that walk amiss :
 It is a darksome Delve far under Ground,
 With Thorns and barren Brakes environ'd round,
 That none the same may easily out-win ;
 Yet many Ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in :

For Discord harder is to end, than to begin.
 And all within, the riven Walls were hung
 With ragged Monuments of Times fore-past ;
 All which, the sad Effects of Discord sung :
 There were rent Robes, and broken Scepters plac'd,
 Altars defil'd, and holy Things defac'd,
 Dishiver'd Spears, and Shields yrtorn in twain,
 Great Cities ranfack'd, and strong Castles ras'd,
 Nations captived, and huge Armies slain :

Of all which Ruins, there some Relicks did remain.
 There was the Sign of antique *Babylon*,
 Of fatal *Thebes*, of *Rome* that reigned long,
 Of sacred *Salem*, and sad *Iliou* ;

For Memory of which, on high there hung
 The golden Apple (Cause of all their Wrong)
 For which the three fair Goddesses did strive :
 There also was the Name of *Nimrod* strong,
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes five,

Which shar'd to them the Spoils that he had got alive.
 And there the Relicks of the drunken Fray,
 The which amongst the *Lapithes* besel,
 And of the bloody Feast, which sent away
 So many *Centaur*s drunken Souls to Hell,
 That under great *Alcides*' Fury fell :

And

And of the dreadful Discord, which did drive
 The noble *Argonauts* to Outrage fell,
 That each of Life fought others to deprive,
 All mindless of the Golden-Fleece, which made
 them strive.

And eke of private Persons many moe,
 That were too long a Work to count them all ;
 Some, of sworn Friends, that did their Faith
 forego ;
 Some, of born Brethren, prov'd unnatural ;
 Some, of dear Lovers, Foes perpetual :
 Witness their broken Bands there to be seen,
 Their Girlonds rent, their Bowers despoiled all ;
 The Monuments thereof there biding been,
 As plain as at the first, when they were fresh and
 green.

Such was her House within ; but all without,
 The barren Ground was full of wicked Weeds,
 Which she her self had sown all about,
 Now grown great, at first of little Seeds,
 The Seeds of Evil Words, and factious Deeds :
 Which when to Ripeness due they grown are,
 Bring forth an infinite Increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous Trouble, and contentious Jar,
 The which most often end in Bloodshed, and in War.

And those same cursed Seeds do also serve
 To her for Bread, and yield her living Food :
 For Life it is to her, when others starve
 Thro' mischievous Debate, and deadly Fend,
 That she may suck their Life, and drink their Blood ;
 With which she from her Childhood had been fed :
 For she at first was born of hellish Brood,
 And by infernal Furies nourished,
 That by her monstrous Shape might easily be read.

Her Face most foul and filthy was to see,
 With squinted Eyes, contrary ways intended,
 And loathly Mouth, unmeet a Mouth to be,
 That nought but Gall and Venom comprehended
 And wicked Words, that God and Man offended :
 Her lying Tongue was in two Parts divided,

And

with all her Skill in Dressing, she
 can't disguise her monstrous Shape.
 Her *Paint*, which she unmercifully
 daubs on her wither'd Countenance,
 serves

And both the Parts did speak, and both contended ;
 And as her Tongue, so was her Heart discided,
 That never thought one Thing, but doubly still was
 guided.

As as the double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless Ears deformed and distort,
 Fill'd with false Rumours and seditious Trouble,
 Bred in Assemblies of the vulgar Sort,
 That still are led with every light Report.
 And as her Ears, so eke her Feet were odd,
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac'd ; that when th' one forward yode
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her Handes twain :
 That one did reach, the other push'd away ;
 That one did make, the other marr'd again,
 And sought to bring all Things unto Decay ;
 Whereby great Riches, gather'd many a Day,
 She in short Space did often bring to nought,
 And their Possessors often did dismay.

For all her Study was, and all her Thought,
 How she might overthrow the Things that Concord
 wrought.

So much her Malice did her Might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty self she did malign,
 Because to Man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his Creatures so benign,
 Sirh she her self was of his Grace indign :
 For all this World's fair Workmanship she try'd,
 Unto his last Confusion to bring,
 And that great golden Chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together ty'd.

Book IV. Cant. I. Stan. XVIII to XXXI.

serves only to make her appear more abominable ; and if it were not for her blear'd *Eyes*, which constantly bedew her white-wash'd *Cheeks*, with a corrupt yellow Matter, you'd mistake her Face for a Visard of *Plaster of Paris*. Those three ill-favour'd Women that attend her, are * *Briana*, † *Adicia*, and § *Philtr*a. *Munera* stands behind them, by her self ; she's the Daughter of * * *Pollente*, and tho' he appears
now

* ——— The Lady which doth own
This Castle, is by Name *Briana* hight,
Than which, a prouder Lady liveth none ;
She long Time hath dear lov'd a doughty Knight,
His Name is *Crudor*, who through high Disdain
Refused hath to yield her Love again.

Book VI. Cant. VIII. Stan. XIV.

† To all which cruel Tyranny, they say
He is provok'd and stirr'd up Day and Night,
By his bad Wife, that Hight *Adicia*.

Book V. Cant. VIII. Stan. XX.

§ But now when *Philtr*a saw my Lands decay,
And former Livellod fail, she left me quite,
And to my Brother did elope straight-way,
Who taking her from me, his own Love left astray.

Book V. Cant. IV. Stan. IX.

* * His Name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his Power he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty Wrong.
Then doth he take the Spoil of them at Will,
And to his Daughter brings that dwells thereby :
Her Name is *Munera*. ———

Book V. Cant. II. Stan. VII and IX.

now there before us, with so much Assurance, he was formerly kill'd by *Arthegal*.

Colin. How comes he alive again ?

Timias. *Fairies* spring up again out of their own Blood, in certain Periods of Time. Most of these Giants that you see here, have formerly been kill'd by some of these noble Knights. You may see, tho' they have huge Bodies, by their very Countenances, a Baseness and Littleness of Soul. They know they are under Protection, otherwise you'd see them take to their Heels, and run away at the very Sight of those courageous Knights on the right Hand of *Arthegal*. They that are kill'd once, will never stand a second Stroke from the same Hand.

Colin. That lovely Knight, who is seated in the Throne, below *Arthegal's*, I am perswaded is the noble *St. George*. I know him by his Picture.

Timias. Yes; that is my most Renowned Lord and Master : That is he, of whom the ancient *Hermet, Contemplation*, prophecy'd thus, —

—— * Thou

—— * **Thou St. George shalt
called be ;
St. George of merry England,
The Sign of Victory.**

Colin. But what fine Gentlemen are those on each Side of *St. George* ?

Timias. The illustrious *Cambel* is the Name of the Knight who sits at the right Hand of my Master ; and the no less renown'd *Telamond* is plac'd on his left. In Dignity, these two Knights are equal ; but they are so great *Friends*, that they never quarrel for Place, but take it as it comes. I hear the Cryer proclaim Silence ; — let us listen to the Court.

Colin. A sudden Drowfiness has seiz'd my Senses: I can't keep my Eyes open any longer : I am exceeding weary after my high Flight ; and I believe I am not refin'd enough yet to agree with your *Ætherial* Diet. I am sorry I must be constrain'd to withdraw from hearing this Tryal. Have you never a convenient Appartment near, where I may lye down and rest for some Hours ?

Timias.

Timias. There is a Door from this Gallery, which leads into a Bed-Chamber. In the mean Time I'll employ *Dony*, who writes Short-hand, to take all the Pleadings, and transcribe them fair over for your Perusal at your Leisure. I am afraid your *Spirits* are faint; you look out of Order: Will you have a Cordial?

Colin. No Cordial will do me any Good at present, but Rest: I beg you'll conduct me to the *Bed-chamber*. — So! I shall need no Opiate, being half asleep already.

Timias. I wish you good Rest; I won't detain you any longer from your desir'd *Slumber*.

F I N I S.

Publisher's Advertisement to the Reader.

WHen *Colin* awakes out of his *Dreams*, I shall, in the Name of the *Publick*, beg from him a Copy of *Duess's* Tryal, which I hear will make a large Volume by it self. It can't be otherwise, considering how many Witnesses there are now in *Court* for and against that *Hagg*.

Errata. At *Introduct.* p. xlv. l. 5. for *Abestine*, r. *Asbestine*. *Book*, p. 2. l. 1. for *Forester*, r. *Foster*.